Mr. MATHEWS,

as Mr De Tourville

THIRD EDITION.

SKETCHES FROM

MR MATHEWS AT HOME!

AN

EXCELLENT COLLECTION

OF

RECITATIONS, ANECDOTES, SONGS, &c. &c.

IN THE

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS

OF

AIR, EARTH, AND WATER!—COUNTRY COUSINS!—
MAIL COACH ADVENTURES, &c. &c.

AS DELIVERED WITH

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS,

BY

MR MATHEWS,

AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE, LONDON;
AND PANTHEON, EDINBURGH, &c. &c.

"Upon my life it's true: what will you lay it's a lie?"

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1822.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

SKETCHES

FROM

Mr Mathews at Home.

INTRODUCTION.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

MY appearing before you in this novel way, will naturally require some explanation; and it is but reasonable that I should explain my motives for so doing, and why I have attempted so bold an undertaking, as to offer you a whole Evening's Entertainment by my own individual exertions. It is simply this,—the approbation of my friends, and the wish of those who have a desire to serve me. The vanity of mankind is easily roused by public approbation; and I am not aware that actors, though proverbially modest, are more exempt from vanity than patriots or statesmen. I therefore at present take the liberty in asserting my right to make use of whatever talent may have been bestowed upon me, to the best advantage of myself and family I can. And if, by divers reasons, the regular licentiates will drive me to quackery, why I must of course sell my medicines on my own account. For this they may call me mountebank if they please; but, like one, I am determined I will have a stage to myself.

It is well known, that every single actor who attempts to entertain an audience, has not only the sense of that assembly to dread, but also every part of his own behaviour to fear,—the smallest error in voice, judgment, or delivery, is sure to be noted. I therefore feel great anxiety for the result, and unaffectedly acknowledge my diffidence at my own abilities. All that can be presumed on, is a hope that I may meet with that indulgence which a British audience are so remarkable for, and that every exhibition stands so much in need of. With this hope, I enter on my task without farther apology or preface, and simply ask you whether

To Act, or Not to act! That is the question?
Whether 'tis better in the brain to bury

The starts and straining of o'ercharged Fancy,
Or bring a well selected entertainment forward,
And by disclosing end them.—To act, to doubt,
No more ! And by this act to say we end
The head-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
Of spouting frenzy—'tis a consumation
Devoutly to be wish'd.—To act—to shine
In the same list with Kean—with Young, and Kemble.
Perchance be damn'd—be laid upon the shelf—
Hiss'd, hooted, pelted—Aye, there's the rub !
For to what class an actor may be doom'd
When he hath studied well some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes
The unwilling spouter strut the barn floor nine long years,
For who would bear the impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit—and above all
The tedious importunity of friends, when
He himself might his Quietus make
By brandishing a truncheon. Who would fardels bear
To groan, and fret under a load of merit,
But that the dread of reading Shakespeare ill—
That yet unrivalled author, the depth of whom
Few actors yet have fathom'd—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known—and damn'd—
Thus Critics do make cowards of us all,
And thus the better days of many actors
Are sicklied over in some country scheme,
And enterprises on the London boards
With this regard, from Shakespeare turn away,
And lose the very name of actor.

But do not let us despise the merit which is sometimes buried in a barn, or doomed to drag out a wretched existence, spouting Shakespeare in a village. Where has genius been fostered ?—In a barn ! Where has merit forced its way from its dire confinement, and like a meteor blazed all over the world ?—Why, from a barn ! Your Kembles, Siddons, Cookes, Keans, O'Neils ! all, all have strutted in such places ! Yet where will we find such merit now ? —Ah ! I well remember the happy days I have spent in a barn myself, with little Manager Strut.

SONG.

MANAGER STRUT.

Manager Strut was four feet high,
And he looked very droll when he cock'd his eye,
For he squinted just so—
He squinted, &c.
And he waddled and he snuffled, he waddled a little
With one arm so—and t'other kimbo—

That he looked very like a tea-kettle,
Yes, he looked, &c.
But he couldn't sing half so well,
And yet in Macheath he was thought to excel,
He was thought to excel.

(*Imitates him as Macheath.*)

" Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,
Kiss her, caress her, with blisses and kisses,
Dissolving in pleasure and soft repose."
O, rare Manager Strut!
What a fine actor was Manager Strut!

Now Mrs Strut was very nigh,
Compared with Mister, twice as high,
When on her long leg, so—
When on her, &c.
First on her long leg, so—then on her little toe—
With unequalled grace advancing—
Wasn't she the thing for dancing—

And in lively Columbine she was thought prodigious fine,
When she was not more than sixty-four,
Whene'er she danced,
The house entranced
Would cry encore! encore! encore!

(*Music while he imitates her dancing.*)

O, rare Mrs Strut!
What a fine dancer was Mrs Strut.
O, rare Mrs Strut!
Fredericks was nothing to Mrs Strut!

Two charming babes had crowned the loves
Of these two tender turtle doves,
The boy had all his father's faults—
He squinted a little—
The girl had all her mother's halt—
She hobbled a little—
And whether they spoke, or whether they sung,
'Twas always in the Yorkshire tongue—
Yet oft the play-bills would let fly
That these were two young *Roscii*—
That these were, &c.

(*Imitates two Children Speaking and Singing.*)

Girl.—La! brother, I wish I were out of this nasty wood, it's so dark and dismal.

Boy.—Now, sister, I like it vastly for my part—I should like to stay here all day and gather black-berries.

Sing.—See, brother, see, from yonder bough,
Sweet Robin sings, hark, I hear him now—
Sweetest bird that ever flew,
Little Robin—loodle loo !
Loodle loo ! loodle loo ! loodle loo !
O rare Manager Strut,
What a fine family had Manager Strut !
O, rare family Strut !
What charming actors were family Strut !

I remember when I left Manager Strut's company to join another, it was my fortune, whether good or ill, to be crammed in the coach with three very whimsical companions. In one corner of the coach sat an elderly lady with a pug dog, which she hugged as closely as if it had been one of her own offspring. Opposite her, sat a cynical old gentleman in black, who might have passed either for a poor parson, a rich attorney, a bishop, or a Welch judge. He seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence, the very moment he entered the coach. This seemed to give particular uneasiness to a Frenchman who sat next me, who, by a variety of shrugs, sighs, and grimaces, strove to break the ice which had frozen up the conversation, for we had been at least two hours in the coach before a word was spoken. The Frenchman, however, made an attempt at a thaw of words, which was paid no attention to by the gentleman in black. But perhaps it will be requisite for me to tell you what he meant to say, before I tell you what he really said. He meant to say, that the coach he was in had started first, but had suffered another to pass it, which he thus expressed :—" *Mistair—Sair*, dis coach vich vas first, by and bye, is now behind, very—." But still observing no attention was paid him, he addressed himself particularly to the gentleman in black, but could procure no reply save a shrug, a frown, a nod, or an occasional grunt, " *Ugh !*"—" Aha ! tell to me, Sair, vat is dat *ugh ?*"—" I do not understand, umph !"—" *Qu'est-ce, que c'est ?*"—" Ugh, Monsieur !" (*Shakes his head.*) " How do you do, Sair ?"—" *Ugh !*"—" C'est bien drole—c'est bien comique. I see that gentlehome will not speak, he is not vell.—Sair, are you not vell. —I am not vell myself ; dis is quite de day of de dog, and ven it is de day of de dog, I alvays have the bad of the head.—Sair, I have not drink a present, *mais.*—I do confess, last night I did drink for sixpence too much of your punch."—" Ugh—Ugh !"—" Pray, Sair, tell to me, for I am very much concern for you—you look no vell,—are you not vell ?" The old gentleman, thus provoked to an answer, replied, in not the most civil tone in the world—" Sir, I have to inform you I am very well—I was well yesterday—I am well to-day—I am very well at present ;—and if I should happen to be taken ill, I shall let you know." The Frenchman, in his turn, now shrugged up his shoulders, applied the Stratsburg to his nose very freely, and replied, " Sair, you are 'bove my contempt."

He now turned to the lady with the pug dog, expecting he should have more success with the softer sex; and here he certainly was more fortunate than he had been with his friend in black; she being one of those who are called agreeable companions in a coach, and who will rather talk nonsense than not speak at all. "Pray, Madame," said he, "shall I have pleasure to speak wid you." (*Imitates a lisp.*) "O yes, Mounseer, with all the pleasure in life. What shall we speak concerning."—"Ah! Madame, it is not for me to chuse, vat you please; say theatrique, politique, belles lettre."—"O yes, Sir, let us speak of the letters. Now, Sir, pray what is your opinion of the letter S." "Madame?"—"I mean the letter S, Sir." "Madame, I do not understand."—"I mean with regard to the *pronunciation* of it."—"*Pronuncatione!* Ah, Madam, I cannot pronounce at all. We have him in our language merely *pro forma* at de end of our words, but dere he lay wriggle and twist like French horn on de pianoforte."—"Well, Sir, do you know that I think it the most sweetest sounding letter in the whole alphabet; you must know, Sir, that I always cultivates the sound of the S. For when I was married to Mr Simmonds, the soap-boiler, in Simony-Ax, he used to say—said he, Selina, my sweet soul, you surely have the sweetest lisp.—So I have retained my lisp, though I have lost him, poor soul. You must know, Sir, I am so fond of the letter S, that I have taught my daughter, Selina, to cultivate the sound in the same way, and I never takes a servant into my house who has not an S in her name. I have one called Sukey, another called Sophy, my dog Smolensko, and my cat called Frisk. I have taught my little daughter, Selina, to repeat a small lesson where the S is sounded, and you can't think how sweet it sounds when she says it after me, and tells Sophy to go to Sukey and fetch the scissors from the side-board to cut Smolensko's tail." This congregation of S's formed a hissing sound to the ears of an actor, which proved very unpleasant.—"Pray, Madame," said the Frenchman, "what is the reason de Anglaise are so partial to de number four-and-twenty; you have twenty-four letter in your alphabet, you have twenty-four aldermen, twenty-four grand jury-men, twenty-four"——"O yes, Sir," said I, "and a great many other four-and-twenties besides."

SONG.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY ROYAL VISITORS.

There were four-and-twenty visitors all of a row,
Four-and-twenty royal visitors, &c.
There was the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, princes, field-marshals, aides-de-camps, pretty girls, and prime ministers, jostling and squeezing, drums playing, all huzzaing—
Cutting such a swell
At the Pulteney Hotel;

While the sweet-hearts and the duchesses,
The goddesses and the non-suchesses
Condescended to nod
To the Piccadilly mob
All down below!
'Twas for the royal visitors, therefore we shall be merry!

There was four-and-twenty Yorkshiremen all of a row,
Four-and-twenty, &c.

There was Davy Dumpling of Doncaster, there was Luby Lobchops of Leeds, Timothy Long of Goose Green, Harry Handflail—Tag-rag and Bobtail.——I say, John, didst ever see such a sight as this, lad? Nay I never did, I'sure!—This beats cock-fighting, horse-racing, York min'ster, and judges coming down to hang fo'k at 'sizes.—I say, mun, what'lt thee say when't gangs hame? I'll tell thee what I'll say—I'll tell them I see'd

The Green Park all in the dark—
And the fo'k pick'd my pockets
As I looked at sky-rockets—
Then there was the grand air-balloon
That went up to the moon,

And took with it the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the princes, field-marshals, generals, and aides-de-camps, the pretty girls, and the prime ministers, who were jostling and squeezing—The drums playing, all huzzaing—

Cutting such a swell
At the Pulteney Hotel—
While the sweet-hearts and the duchesses,
The goddesses and the non-suchesses
Condescended to nod
To the Piccadilly mob
All down below!
'Twas for the royal visitors, therefore we shall be merry!

There was four-and-twenty Germans all of a row,
Four-and-twenty, &c.

Dere vas Baron Von Donderhunk, Mr Slachanhauson, Mrs Slachanhauson, and all de leetle Slachanhausons—Dere vas all de great men of all de great familee—Dere vas de Emperor of Germany, vid his great horse, and did make von leetle de canter among de crowd. Who would ever have thought of so grand a sight as to see all de great people meet on von leetle spot.—Who do you think vas de greatest hero of de day!—The greatest hero was Davy Dumpling of Doncaster, Luby Lobchops of Leeds, Timothy Long of Goose Green, Harry Handflail—Tag-rag and Bobtail.——I say, John, didst ever see such a sight as this, lad? Nay, I never did, I'sure. This beats cock-fighting, horse-racing, York min'ster, and judges coming down to hang fo'k at 'sizes.—I say, mun, what'lt thee say when't gangs hame? I'll tell thee what I'll say—I'll tell them I see'd

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That went up to the moon,

And took with it the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the princes, field-marshals, generals, and aides-de-camps, the pretty girls, and prime ministers, who were jostling and squeezing.—Then there was drums playing, all huzzaing—

Cutting such a swell
At the Pulteney Hotel—
While the sweet-hearts and the duchesses,
The goddesses and the non-suchesses
Condescended to nod
To the Piccadilly mob
All down below!

'Twas for the royal visitors, therefore we shall be merry!

There were four-and-twenty Irishmen all of a row!
Four-and-twenty, &c.

All hail to their outlandish majesties there, long may they live and reign; and then they will rain and hail as long as they live. Arrah, Judy, hold up my darling, and ease yourself on top of my shoulder, there you may take a peep at the great thick-skulls of their foreign majesties, with all their crowned heads. There, my dear, that's it.—There you will see the Emperor of Russia in company with Baron Von Donderhunk, Mr Slachanhauson, Mrs Slachanhauson, and all the leetle Slachanhausons—Dere vas all de great men of all de great familee—Dere vas de Emperor of Germany, vid his great horse, and did make von leetle de canter among de crowd. Who would ever have thought of so grand a sight as to see all de great people meet on von leetle spot. Who do you think was de greatest hero of de day? The greatest hero of the day was Davy Dumpling of Doncaster, Luby Lobchops of Leeds, Timothy Long of Goose Green, Harry Handflail—Tag-rag and Bobtail. I say, John, didst ever see such a sight as this, lad? Nay, I never did, I' sure!—This beats cock-fighting, horse-racing, York min'ster, and judges coming down to hang fo'k at 'sizes. I say mun, what'lt thee say when't gangs hame?—I'll tell thee what I'll say.—I'll tell them I see'd

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While the sweethearts and the duchesses,
The goddesses and the non-suchesses
Condescended to nod
To the Piccadilly mob
All down below!
'Twas for the royal visitors, therefore we shall be merry!

There were four-and-twenty Frenchmen all of a row!
Four-and-twenty, &c.

There was vive le Jean Bull, vive le Jacky Bull, de roast beef, and all de leetle Bulls.—O, long life to their outlandish majesties, long may they live and reign; and then they will rain and hail as long as they live. Arrah, Judy, hold up my darling, and ease yourself on top of my shoulder, where you may take a peep at the great thick-skulls of their foreign majesties, with all their crowned heads.—There, my dear, that's it.—There you will see the Emperor of Russia in company with Baron Von Donderhunk, Mr Slachanhauson, Mrs Slachanhauson, and all de leetle Slachanhausons—Dere vas all de great men of all de great familee—Dere vas de Emperor of Germany, vid his great horse, and did make von leetle de canter among de crowd. Who would ever have thought of so grand a sight as to see all de great people meet on von leetle spot. Who do you think was de greatest hero of de day? The greatest hero was Davy Dumpling of Doncaster, Luby Lobchops of Leeds, Timothy Long of Goose Green, Harry Handflail—Tag-rag and Bobtail. I say, John, didst ever see such a sight as this, lad? Nay, I never did, I'sure!—This beats cock-fighting, horse-racing, York min'ster, and judges coming down to hang fo'k at 'sizes. I say mun, whatl't thee say when't gangs hame? I'll tell thee what I'll say—I'll tell them I see'd

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All down below!
'Twas for the royal visitors, therefore we shall be merry!

There was four-and-twenty actors all of a row !
Four-and-twenty, &c.

There was Kemble and Young in the midst of the throng—and the great little Kean, popping his nose in between—there was the beautiful Miss O'Neil, who would have melted a heart of steel when she cried, Vive le Roi, vive le Bourbon, vive le Jacky Bull, —&c. &c.

All down below !
'Twas for the royal visitors, therefore we shall be merry.

SKETCHES OF " AIR, EARTH, AND WATER !"

THE first person who appeared in the inclosure was Major Longbow, the most poetical proser of the day, a complete egotist ; his subject, himself ; his maxim, I by myself I ; and was called by his friends the modern Munchausen ; and had been, as he said, at every battle from the taking of Seringapatam to the O. P. war at Covent Garden Theatre. But his maxims are not to be told, let him speak for himself. " How do, major ?" " How do I do ; how should I do ? Eh ? Better than any man living—there's muscle—strongest man living.—How do I do—poh !—no man so well as I am—I am reckoned the finest piece of anatomy that was ever sent upon the face of the earth. Upon my life it's true ; what will you lay it's a lie ? Hit me with a sledge hammer, if you like, can't hurt me, there's muscle." " Are you inclined to go up, major ?" said I. " Up ! What in that thingumy, a balloon ? why I can walk up higher than you'll go in that thing. When I was in India I walked up an inaccessible mountain ;—walked for five days running, four hours every day ; took me seven days coming down ; run the whole of the last day, and danced at the governor's ball at night. Upon my life it's true ; what will you lay it's a lie ?" " But now Major, you have an opportunity of purchasing notoriety at prime cost," " Prime cost—trouble you not to mention prime cost." " Why ?" " I'll tell you what ; a few weeks ago I bought a Tilbury at prime cost. As I was driving through the streets of London, a beautiful blood mare down Hay Hill—" " Sire Munchausen I suppose," said I. " Poh, don't be foolish : well Sir, I was driving at the rate of nine and twenty miles an hour." " Nine and twenty, surely, Major." " Damme, do you doubt me. I repeat it, *nine and thirty* miles an hour. Well, Sir, I was driving at the rate of *nine and forty* miles an hour, my usual pace, I met an infernal coal-cart, seven horses in a string, all as fat as Falstaff, crash goes my wheel against the coal-cart—upset me—and away went poor prime cost into a million of shivers ; up spins I—made three somersets in the air—came feet foremost through the bow window of the pastry cook's shop, corner of Berkley Street, flat upon my feet, and said with the utmost coolness to Mrs Gunter, who was seated behind her own counter, Madam, your most obedient, how do you do ? never saw a woman more astonished.—Was'nt hurt a bit ; there's muscle. Upon my life it's true ; what will you lay it's a lie."

The Major having agreed to accompany us in our aerial excursion, and every thing being now in readiness, we arose in a pegassus-like manner, till we were immediately over Putney Bridge; but finding there was something wrong, and that our ballast did badly agree with our sail, we were forced to alight. Close by the spot where we rested, we observed a most wonderful phenomenon, which immediately arrested our attention; this was no less an object, than Mr Deputy Fleecy, of Portsoken, at his daily sport. This gentleman, who by industry and attention, had accumulated a handsome fortune by his trade, and had now retired to his country box to enjoy the fruits of his labour. He was a most keen, but very unsuccessful sportsman, and as industrious at his fishing as he had formerly been at his trade; for hail, rain, or sunshine, there was he at it from morning till night. He had a small punt in the river, close by the bridge, which he daily occupied! with three rods and lines placed in different parts of the boat; to these his constant attention was fixed, and his time employed by going from one to the other, drawing his lines, examining his bait, putting on fresh worms, and casting them into the water again. One line hung in terrorum over the stern, a second he placed over the bow, while he held the third in his own proper hand. But in order to give my audience a more correct idea of the person, allow me to use a little deception. In the first place, let us for a moment suppose this to be a punt; and, in the next place, have the goodness to suppose me the man.

[*Puts on a small cocked hat, and a pair of common spectacles on his nose, places a chair in the centre of the stage, and imitates the old gentleman going from one part of the boat to the other, examining and fresh baiting his hooks, then casting them again into the water.*]

When we alighted, we stood for some minutes admiring the wonderful patience and sagacity of the old gentleman, and I felt very much inclined to hold some conversation with him. I drew nearer, but he paid not the smallest attention to my approach; nay, the very passing of the balloon over his head, had no more effect on him than a passing cloud, crossing the sun's disk. "How d'ye do, Sir?" said I. "How d'ye do?" he replied. "How do you get on with your sport?" "Pretty well; how do you get on with yours?" "Caught much?" said I. "Not much." My friend the Major now joined us. "How are you old one, Eh? how d'ye get on? Know me, Eh?" "No; know nothing of you—don't want to know." "Why so?" "You frighten the fish." "Didn't you see me in that thingumy above your head just now?" "No." "What, not see the balloon?" "Balloon, no; hate them." "Why, my boy?" "They frighten the fish." "Poh, poh! you know nothing of the business, you can't fish: I'm the boy for fishing, riding, hunting, shooting; look at me—there's muscle; nothing hurts me. If you had seen me fish when I was in Canton, did e'm all; served the Emperor's table every day, besides our whole army in China—had a famous rod,

reached all the way from Canton to Gravesend.—Upon my life it's true ; what will you lay it's a lie ?" " You are very fond of the sport, I presume." " Yes, I am." " Do you fish often ?" " Yes, every day." " Summer and winter ?" " Yes, winter and summer." " You're at it early and late." " Yes, from sunrising till dark, eating and sleeping hours excepted." " Have you much sport ?" " No." " Have you had any sport to-day ?" " No." " Any yesterday ?" " No." " The day before ?" " No." " The day before that ?" " No." " No ?" " No." " When had you any last ?" " Last Tuesday and Wednesday week." " What did you get on Tuesday ?" " A bite." " And what had you on Wednesday ?" " A nibble." " Ha, ha, ha ! excellent sport. You have a good deal of patience." " Much need when you are by, you make so much noise." " Indeed ! What of that ?" " Your talking is very hurtful." How so ?" " It frightens the fish." " Ha, ha, ha ! what the devil's raising such a swell on the water, Eh ?" " The Margate Steam Packet." " Steam Packets ! glorious invention ! an't they ?" " No." " Why so ?" " They frighten the fish."

Our attention was now arrested by new objects that made their appearance. This was two cockney sportsmen, dressed out in proper style for the sports of the day ; but I was much annoyed by one of them approaching rather near me with his gun on full cock. " Hollo ! my good fellow, have the kindness to turn the muzzle of your gun the other way, don't you see it's on full cock ?" " Vy to be sure it should, an't that 'ere the vay to carry one's gun ?" " Why, no ; not the way you ought to carry it. Don't you see the danger of it going off ?" " No, I can't say as how I do ; I keep it so on purpose." " The devil you do, why ?" " Why ? that's a good one, only look here : now, don't you see if this here flint, should hit that there thing, it will strike fire ; and then the fire as comes from this here place, goes into that there place, and among this powder, and that makes the gun go off." " To be sure it does." " Vell then, the further off this flint is from that there iron, an't there less danger of hitting it ?" " Pray, Sir," said the other, " might I make so bold as to ask, an't a jackdaw fair game ?" " Umph ! not exactly, unless you could contrive to make the jackdaw white." " I say, Billy, that 'ere's a funny chap—that's what I calls a good joke." " What a jack hass you must be to ax the gemmen such a question." " Vy not such a jack hass as you vas, to shoot a jack hass instead of an 'are." " Aye, but that vere all haccident, for you know I never could see wery vell since I burned my heyes on the last first of September." " Indeed ! how came that to pass ?" " All owing to the flash going in my face. I'll tell you how it vas ; you must know, Sir, that on the last first of September, Billy Stitch the tailor, and I, vent out that day in the morning, to have some sport ; so as we were a passing by the Surrey Theatre, some chaps says, there goes two cockneys ; so I turns round to Billy, Billy, says I, I've great mind, says I, to go and lik 'em, says I. So says Billy to me,

says he, you had better, says he, let 'em there chaps alone, says he, and let's go on, says he. So avay ve comes, and then they says, there goes two cockneys; so ve left 'em; and vhen ve comes to the other side of the vater—No, that can't be; for this is the other—that is, the other side is this—and this is the other, and—No, that's not it neither—let me see—umph—umph!—that's wery strange—an't it. You know ve vere on the other side, that is, ve—ay, ve vere on this side then—No—that is, the other side vas then on this side, and ve vere on the other, and—No, that's not it yet—but it don't signify. Ve vere first on the other side, and vhen ve vere on the other side, ve vere on this, and then ve vere on the—" "Ha, ha, ha! was there ever any thing so puzlifying, as not to be able to find out the other side from this, and this from the other." "Vell, Sir, vhen ve got—ay, no matter; says I to Billy, says I, I'll lay you a tizzy, says I, that I hit some'at before ve are long out, says I.—So says Billy, says he, done, says he. So I puts my gun up my shoulder, so—and shutting my left eye for fear of the flash. Hold, says Billy, says he. What's the matter, Billy, says I? You have forgot to load her, says he. And sure enough so I had; so I takes out my powder and shot, and loads her well, biting off a bit of paper you know, and ramming it tight down you know, to keep all safe; so I puts up my gun again, Stop, stop, says Billy, says he. What's the matter, says I. You have left your ramrod in your gun, says he. And sure enough I had, and wery lucky it vas that I stopped, for vhen I looked, there vas Benjamin the Jew merchant, parched like a blackbird behind the hedge; poor Ben vas frightened out of his vits, as much as I vas. So ve com'd avay up the side of the river, till ve com'd to a gentleman's house with some trees a-growing aside it. So I sees some'at on a tree, and I thinks it vere a crow; so says I to Billy, says I, Dash my buttons if a crow an't fair game, so here goes. Stop, says Billy, says he. Vhy so, says I? That's the man's poll parrot, says he. I does'nt care, says I; so just as ve vere a speaking, the servant girl comes to the vindow, and she's dusting avay, and then she comes and stands before us. Get out of the vay, says I. I shan't, says she. I'm a going to shoot, says I. I don't care if you do, says she. Vhy you'll be shot, says I. No danger, says she. I'm a going to shoot just vhere you are, says I. Ay, that's the wery reason I'm safe, says she. Now, Sir, war'nt that wery prowoking?" "Very much so indeed, said I, but pray why is your dog tied up so?" seeing him leading it by his pocket handkerchief, which he had tied round his neck. "Would not you find him of great use?" "Lord love you, Sir, he's a wery good dog in his own vay, if you keep him at home, but he's of no use at all out. Vhenever he comes to the field, he runs about, and barks, so that he frightens all the birds—then he stops short just over a whole flock of them, and they all fly avay before I can get my gun to my eye; oh! he's of no use at all." But it were in vain to attempt a detail of all his accidents and misfortunes, so I'll tell you a part of them in a song.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER;

Or, Cockney Sportsmen.

On the first of September, at five in the morn,
The weather quite cloudy, the prospect forlorn,
Bill Stitch and myself rigged as gay as two larks,
For the sports of the field took our way on—but hark!

[*Spoken.*] Just as ve vere a passing along Blackfriars bridge, there vere ve assailed by a set of ragamuffin rascals, who meant to affront us by calling us cockneys. There they go, says they, there goes two rum ones. What'll they kill, says one? Some farmer's grunter, says another. No, that they vont, says a third, for if Gaffer Gammon's grunter vas vithin a yard of the gun, I'll bet two to one he could not hit it.

So the sports of the field is a cockney's delight,
On the first of September, all rigg'd out so tight,
Our pockets with powder and shot too were cram'd
And sportsman like too, added chicken and ham,
Our dogs round us danc'd—aye, these were them all:
Towser, Tiger, a bull dog, little Gypsey and Ball.

[*Spoken.*] My eye, as ve vere crossing a field, vhat should I see but a jackdaw siting on the back of a cow. Dash my buttons, says I, but that there's a good shot, says I, Bill; so I claps my gun to my shoulder, and shuts both my eyes, for fear of the flash blinding me. Stop, stop, says he, you'll shoot the old cow, says he. No, I vont, says I, for I does'nt see not neither the cow nor the jackdaw now, as my eyes are both shut; so I pulls the trigger strong to make the mark sure; but I does'nt know how it was, poor tiger vas running by at the moment, and I had forgotten to take out my ramrod, and poor tiger got it stuck in his gizzard, and there he lay sprawling as dead as a tenpenny nail.

So the sports of the field is a cockney's delight,
On the first of September, when rigg'd out so tight.
As he walked along, thinking of nothing at all
Unfortunate Billy shot poor little Ball,
And I lam'd poor Towser, and home he did run,
And left only Gipsey to share in the fun.

[*Spoken.*] Vell, I primes and loads again, and in a hedge I hears a melodious sound, and says Billy, says he, My eyes, there's a blackbird, are you loaded? Yes, says I. Then fire, says he. So I points my gun again, and shuts both my eyes of course, and lets fly. But, my eye, vhat a mistake I made, for instead of the bird I aim'd at, I hit poor Moses the Jew pedler, and knock'd off his beard. Moses vas in a terrible fright, and swore as how I had kill'd him. I offered Moses a tizzy for his fright, but Mo, with his neck all on one side, told me as how I should make it a bob.

I can't, says I, Mister Moses, for I have but one tester left, and that one's bad. Let me she it, says Moses, ish it pad? Eesh, it is very pad indeed, but 1 will colour him again, and you may continue with—

> The sports of the field is a cockney's delight,
> On the first of September when rigg'd out so tight.

We now left our cocknies to follow their sports, while we again got into our aerial vehicle to pursue ours, when we fairly left terra firma, and floating delightfully along: "Here we go," says the major, "Here we go fifty miles an hour—don't know where, don't care—Mount Hecla—Bow Church steeple—Doncaster Race Course —all the same to me." The Major now took out his telescope to make his observations. "There's a telescope—have a peep at every thing—Dolland's the boy—here we go—good bye—hold fast—killed if you fall—nothing hurts me—there's muscle, eh! there, good bye, Westminister hall—how droll—there's the King's bench; how small the rules are." "Aye, not bigger than *two foot* rules, Major." "There's St John's Church, like an overturned tea-table, with its four legs sprawling in the air—see the Opera House; rehearsal going on—see it all—pull out another joint—hear them —'pon my life it's true; what will you lay it's a lie?" "Well, Major," I remarked, "there has been innumerable tricks served up to the public; but it must be allowed a balloon is a much better feat than those practised by the Chinese Jugglers."—"Jugglers, what Jugglers?" "Those that performed in Pall Mall." "Jugglers—bunglers you mean. Did I ever tell you what I saw a fellow do at Canton, eh?" "No." "Tell it you now then. The Juggler took a ball of cotton thread, wound one end of it curiously round the end of his little finger, threw the other up into the air, up it went, up, up, and settled in the clouds, like a boy's kite—what do you think followed?" "Came down again, I suppose." "No such thing, Sir—himself the Juggler." "The Juggler!" "Yes, Sir, I repeat it, the Juggler followed; took hold of the cotton, Sir, up he scrambled, Sir, like a monkey up a maypole, till he settled in the clouds too—Upon my life it's true; what will you lay it's a lie?"

"I say, my dear fellow, did I ever tell you how we defeated a whole army when I was in Canton?" "I don't remember just now, but its very probable you did." "Oh, no matter if I did—you've forgot it now; tell it you again—must remember it this time—be able to tell it again yourself." "Well, let's here." "You must know, my dear Mat, when I commanded in Canton —our men, I mean our army, was all called away, save five hundred brave fellows of my own choosing; for you must know when the rebels, that's the black rascals of negroes, broke out in rebellion, the Commander in Chief he says to me, my dear Major, these black rascals have risen in rebellion, and I depend on you to quell these d———d dogs. I'll do that, please your Excellency, says I,

or may I never return. So, says he, then my dear fellow, go and pick out what men you will, you have my orders you know." "Why, I thought your army had been called away?" "Yes, so they were, after, but not before—no, no, not before—so says I, your Excellency need say no more, just leave the black rogues to me, and d———e, I'll soon settle them, there's an arm will do their business; nothing can hurt me; there's muscle. So I picks out five hundred brave fellows like myself—go through any thing—and away I marches. The rascals had formed an army of fifteen hundred, close by the side of the Black River in Jamaica."—"Stop, stop, Major, I thought you told me it was in Canton in China?" "No, I did'nt—no, no, I said 'twas in Canton in Jamaica—what, do you doubt my word? upon my life it's true; what will you lay it's a lie? Well, Sir, I drew up my five hundren men close by a bank, which we pitched upon by way of taking advantage of the enemy. They were armed, that is, the enemy were armed with immense long bows, and each a backful of arrows, as many as they could march under, and waggon loads in the rear. My men had only one bow, and one arrow each. The storm of war begins, each man to his station. My fine fellows, say I to my men, you know your peril; if you are taken, dead or alive, you will be killed and eaten; but if you beat them, you may eat them if you will. Therefore, as the gallant Nelson said, who, by the bye, was a near relation of mine, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty," so at 'em boys. Away goes to it, pell mell, helter skelter, and in fifteen minutes every man of the fifteen hundred measured his swarthy length upon the ground—"Dead?" "Aye, as Henry the Eight." "But how the devil was that, Major? you told me just now how your men had but one bow, and one arrow each." "No more they had—but you see this was an invention of my own—they had just one arrow each, but that arrow was fastened with a long string to his right hand, and each as he shot his man, drew back his arrow again, then shot away, kills another, then shot away; till each of them had shot his fifteen." "Why, Major, how could that be? you told me you were five hundred strong, and they fifteen." "No, no, no, they fifteen and we five." "There you say five now." "Me? no, only one hundred men, I said—each kills fifteen—fifteen each, makes fifteen hundred to a man. Upon my life it's true; what will you lay it's a lie?"

As we were flying at the rate of forty-nine miles an hour, as the Major had said, I perceived that the Major expressed rather more anxiety than usual. "Hollo! Major, you are not afraid I hope?" "Who me, (*trembling*) me afraid, not I; there's muscle." "You don't appear so gay as you did a few minutes ago, we can't fall." "Fall! no, to be sure." "You can't be hurt if you do, you know; you have muscle—you have bone—if we should let go our hold, we can apply to your skein of cotton thread." "What! down on it? no, no, can't hold two; upon my life it's true, what will you lay it's a lie?" "But as you were telling me Major,—"

" By the bye, what is that below us that looks so blue ?" " Poh ! it's only the smoke rising from the towns below us—never mind." " Don't know, don't care—wish we were down." " What's the matter, Major—nothing hurts you." " No, not on earth or water, this is in air you know." " Hollo ! where are we now, why, what's that ?" " There, an't that the sea ?" " The sea ! only the Thames." " Thames, nonsense, that's the mouth of the River at Canton. Did I ever tell you of the wonderful heat in that country ?" " No, never mind if you did." " Well, tell it now—mind it again —only listen. I have been in climates where the very salamanders dropped down dead, the heat of the sun was so intense. I once dined with a gentleman and his wife at the city of CALLIHAMMA QUACK ADOLORE, near CUDDERAPPOO; after dinner as we were sitting drinking, a ray of the sun struck on the lady, and she vanished from our sight in a moment, and nothing was left in her place but a heap of ashes ; upon my life it's true ; what will you lay it's a lie ? I was rather surprised, but my friend, who was used to these things, called to his KIT MAGARS, and to his CON SU MA HITHEER, A TOO JUNTUH, which is in good English, " My good fellows, bring us clean glasses ; sweep away your mistress, and bring us one who can bear the weather. Upon my life it's true ; what will you lay it's a lie ?"

The odd sensations which the Major exhibited on quitting *terra firma*, became rather alarming ; and not even the story of his friend with whom he dined in the city of *Callihamma Quack Adolore* could produce courage in the heart of this most renowned modern Munchausen. We therefore alighted close by Margate pier, just as the steam packet arrived. The moment the Major set foot on ground, he looked at me with much significance ; and cocking one eye, while he winked at me with the other.—" Devilish good machine that, a'nt it ?—I say, how should you like to return to London in it, eh ?"—" Why, very well ; but I am sure you wouldn't."—" Who, me ?—What d'ye mean ?—You don't mean to say I was frightened, do you ?—Never felt more courageous in the whole course of my life !—never did, I assure you.—Upon my life it's true ; what will you lay it's a lie."

We now walked as far as the pier, and saw the passengers disembark from the packet. Among the rest were Mr and Mrs Capsicum, with their infant child—a lubberly boy, about fourteen years of age. " Billy, my dear," says the father ; " Billy, my dear, warn't that a fine sail ?"—" Yes, it was, papa—(*Imitates each as he speaks,*)—only I didn't like it at all."—" No—why so ?" —" Why, I was absolutely famish'd, pa' !"—" Why, my dear, I'm sure I saw you eating half-a-dozen times during the last hour."—" No, no such things, husband—the poor child has been starved ;—I declare he has eat nothing all day."—" No, indeed, ma' ; since I left home, I've not tasted a morsel, save half of that goose pie—three cakes of gingerbread—a hundred oysters—part of a pot of porter I got from one of the sailor men—half-a-dozen oranges—a piece of spice cake I had from a lady in the wessel—

half-a-pound of beef-steaks, with some potatoes—a plate of sausages—a piece of roast pork, and a tankard of strong ale—I never were so famish'd in my life, pa'."—" Well, well, my dear, step into the inn with your mother, and try if you can get some'at to stay your stomach, while I look a'ter the luggage."

Mrs and Master Capsicum adjourned to the inn to consult the state of the larder, while the old gentleman remained on the quay. He had not been long alone when he was accosted by a smart, well drest, active-looking gentlemen ; who, coming up to him, with all the impertinence of fashionable life, examined him from head to foot through his glass. " How d'ye do, Sir ?—how d'ye do ?—how d'ye do ?—Just arrived, I see."—" Yes."—" Pleasant passage ?"—" Tolerable."—" Did you come alone, Sir ?"—" No, Sir."—" Some person with you ?"—" Yes,—a great many."—" I mean in your company ; persons belonging to you ?"—" Yes, Sir."—" Friends, perhaps ?"—" Yes."—" Perhaps they are relatives ?"—" They are."—" Brothers or sisters ?"—" Umph !"—" Perhaps your wife and family ?"—" Very likely."—" Might I take the liberty of enquiring your name, Sir ?"—" Sir, you have taken the liberty of enquiring a great many things, and it's now my turn for interrogatories. Who the devil are you, Sir ? and what's your impudent name ?"—" Oh ! my name, my name, Sir, is *Mr Chick-Cherre-Clap*, the librarian of this town, Sir ; who's duty it is to be the most inquisitive, and the most good-natured fellow in the world ; and if you will be equally candid and good-natured, I will have the honour of popping your honourable name, with that of your good lady, and all the masters and misses, in my long book of rolls."—" Damn you and your rolls !" reiterated the enraged citizen ; " its a cursed hard thing an honest man can't take a trip from the smoke of the city to taste the cool breezes of Margate, but he must be interrupted on his way by every jackanapes." And leaving the astonished librarian, he flounced into the inn, followed by the porter and his luggage.

We now thought it advisable to follow the example, and adjourned to the inn likewise. When we entered the public room, such a motley group could scarcely have been at the building of Babel. Never did Flemish Table *d'hote*, or a Congress at Rhapstad display such a miscellaneous assemblage as this room exhibited. Here were not only the passengers of the steam packet, which had just arrived, but when we included ourselves, we had actually travellers by *Earth*, *Air*, and *Water*. Here were travellers of four or five different coaches in the same room. In one corner of the room sat a handsome miss, just come from London, who declared it was the height of vulgarity to eat hot suppers. In the other corner sat Mr and Mrs Capsicum, and their hopeful son, regaling themselves with cold beef, biscuit, and brandy ; and at the far end sat an elderly Scotch lady, in company with the identical persons whom I first set out with, namely, the cynical old gentleman in black ; the lisping lady, with the pug dog, and the facetious Frenchman. I was highly delighted to see my old friends, and

was just going to speak, when the guard of one of the coaches entered the room, to announce the expiration of the time. But, Oh for the pen of a Fielding, or the pencil of a Hogarth, to describe the scene which ensued. (*Imitates the horn.*) " Come, I say, ladies and gemmen, we're all ready."—" All ready ! what do you mean by all's ready, Sir ?" (*Pulling out his watch.*) " Vy, ve a'nt been here ten minutes."—" Can't help it, Sir—time's gone."—" Vaiter ! vere's the bill ?"—" Here it is, Sir."—" Vat ! four shillings ! Vell, that ere's vat I call laying it on pretty thick, a'nt it ! What's thet ! four shillings for that tiny bit of weal, and that 'ere Foxhall slice of ham ? I never seed such a himposition in all my life. Vhy, you treat people in stage-coaches here, more lik conwicks than gentle focks. Vell, I knows this, as if how as ewer I comes by one of these here stage coaches again, I'll bring my supper in my pocket, that's vhat I vill." (*Imitates horn.*) " Come, ladies and gemmen, can't wait no longer."—" Waiter, where's my cane ? —I laid it on the chair."—" I say, talking of canes, who pick'd up my silver snuff-box, I laid on the table. (*Horn.*) Damn your horn, I can't go without my box !"—" Speaking of boxes, waiter ! where's the fishing-rod I laid on the window ?"—" Couldn't say, Sir ; but I see the coach is just going to start ; if you don't look sharp you'll lose your seat." (*Horn.*) This last sound of the horn made every person fly to their place, but the confusion which was exhibited in starting will be more fully explained in a song.

SONG.

THE MAIL COACH.

Come, listen to my story,
Now seated in my glory,
We make no longer stay :
A bottle of good sherry,
Has made us all quite merry,
Let Momus rule the day.—
We hearty all and well are,
Drive to the White Horse cellar,
Get a snack before we go.
Bring me that leg of mutton,—
I'm as hungry as a glutton,—
Some gravy soup,—Hollo !

[*Spoken, changing his voice to each character.*]

" Waiter !"—" Coming Sir."—" Make haste !"—" There in a minute, Sir."—" Waiter !"—" Sir ?"—Where's my gravy soup ?" —" Just coming off the spit, Sir ; have it in a minute."—" Waiter !"—" Sir ?"—" Where's that boiled leg of mutton ?"—" Just coming off the grid-iron,"—" Hope you'll remember Jemmy the hostler,—my name's Jemmy."—" Waiter !"—" Coming Sir."—" Bring me a glass of Sherry."—" Yes, Sir ; hot or cold ?"—

" Yes, yes; devil that bone for me."—" Waiter, are the steaks ready?"—" No, Sir; but your chops are." (*Horn.*) " Take care!—All fast behind,—Ya, hip!" (*Horn.*)——

Then thus away we rattle,—
Jolly dogs, and stylish cattle,—
Crack whip,—they dash away.

What a cavalcade of coaches
On every side approaches,
What work for man and beast!
Then let's have a little drop, sir,—
We first of all must stop, sir,
Then afterwards make haste.
I mount,—the whip I crack now,
All bustle,—what a pack now
On every side approach;
Now making sad grimmaces,
All for the loss of places,
They cry,—I've lost the coach.

[*Spoken.*] " Coachman—I begs as how you will not admit too many inside." " Not all ma'am—just as many as we can cram." " Coachee—any room?" " No, Ma'am, I say we can't admit females." " Why so?" " Why, because it is a *mail*-coach." " Now, I suppose that's vat you call a pun?" " Well, don't you think it a good one?" " No, I can't say as how I do." " Sorry for it, poor man." " Now, do you know, I disagree with you." " As how!" " I think it a damn'd bad one." " Well, I say, I am still right; for I maintained that a good bad pun, is better than a bad good one.—What do you think of that?—Eh!" " Rot your puns; I wish you would be quite—I can't get a comfortable nap for you." " I say, you can't go in there, ma'am, with that there poll parrot along wi' you." " Vy so?" " Vy, because one tongue is quite enough for one lady." " Lord bless me, when some people do come into a coach, what a deal of room some people do take.—Bless me what a crowd of people are here." " Yes, Ma'am, and you seem to take up more room than all the people together." " I say, coachee—I hope that 'ere lady pays double fare?" " Oh, la!—I wish really you would sit up a little farther; my little girl is taken exceedingly poorly"—Ough! Ough! " What the devil!—look ye there Ma'am; do you see what a pickle your girl has put me in—pray do sit up a little?" " Indeed I vont; I alway likes to sit next the door, in case I should be taken a little *howish* or so." " That's right, Patty; first cum'd first serv'd; that's what always says to my customers when they're scrambling for geese at Michaelmas." " Stop, stop, coachman!—Stop! my little girl is really taken extremely ill, and she want to go out for a minute." " I objects to that, Ma'am, for I have an engagement with Deputy *Calipash*, at four; and if I am not in time, all the green fat will be in the fire." " All right behind there?"—(*Horn.*)——

Then thus away we rattle,—
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,—
Crack whip—and dash away.

Four-in-hand down Piccadilly,
Now seated in the dilly,
Away we scamper all:
What merry wags and railers,
What jolly dogs and sailors,
Begin to sing and bawl.
From every place we start, now;
Some company depart, now,
And others come, no doubt:
For plenty there is room, now;
And any one may come, now,—
Four insides and one out.

(*Spoken.*)—"Coachman—be sure you put me down at the butcher's shop—because as how I shouldn't like to be seen coming out of a public wechicle." "Never fear, Ma'am." "Hollo! I say coachman! by the powers I have got into the wrong coach—my bones will be at Waterford, when I am in Dublin." "Never mind, Sir; we'll soon overtake her." "Ha! grand papa! what a funny figure you cut in that 'ere velsh vig! Ha! ha!" "Hold your tongue you little dog." "We will sit more easy, Ma'am, if you and I would just settle our legs before we start." "With all the pleasure in life, Sir." "Oh, dear! I wish I were out—I have taken so sick." "Lord, Ma'am, I am astonished you ever bring your girl into a coach—she is a most disagreeable companion; I wish you would move to the other side—you see what a condition I am in." "I can't help it, Sir—it doesn't matter what side she is on—she is always taken ill o' both sides." "By the bye, talking of sides, I wish you would put up that there window—the wind's blowing in all on that side, and I am apt to have crick in my neck?" "Yes I don't doubt it, Sir; some men are very subject to a—crick in their neck." "What do you mean by that there insinuation, Sir? What do you mean? If my harms were not pinioned down between this fat lady and gentleman, I'd give your snub nose such a twist, as you never had in all your born days." "Good bye, pa!—remember me to aunt Deborah." "Coachee—have the goodness to look to that young gentleman, he never was on the outside of a coach before in all his life—if, in course of the night he should get cold, do lend him your great coat, and I shall be very much obliged to you;—and, Tommy, my dear, wrap this silk handkerchief round your neck." "Thank you, coachee, I'll be happy to return your compliment." "Keep in your feet if you please, Ma'am—all right,—Ya, hip."—(*Horn.*)—

Then thus away we rattle, &c. &c.

The remaining part of the company being somewhat restored to

harmony, after the confusion of our motley crew, though there remained a queer set still—the prominent characters being as follows:—a Knight and a Jew Pedlar,—a Barrister and a Strolling Player—The old Cynical Gentleman in black, and the lady with the pug dog, our Loquacious Frenchman, and the old Scotch Lady, Major Longbow, and myself. The Scotch Lady said she had been really very much entertained by the company since her arrival; and if they would give her their attention for a few minutes, she could herself, relate a little anecdote which actually happened in her own family. The whole having willingly agreed to pay her every attention, the old lady thus began, the which I will endeavour to give a faint imitation, but in order to give it more correct, have the kindness to indulge me with assistance of a little dress which I have on purpose.

(*Here he puts on the old lady's dress, and sits down.*)

" Hem! he—hem!—(*Smiles and looks round,*) Hem! Sirs, I canna sufficiently apologise to the company for attempting to entertain them after the mony sangs and anacdotes they hae heard this evening; but as I am just ca'ad upon, I canno' vary weel reseest adding my leetle mite to the conveeviality of the evening. Hem! hem!—It's no worth the telling; it's merely a leetle anacdote, which really happined in our ain family, and to my puir dear honest husband, wha is now dead and gane.

" Hem! hem!—Ye ma'an ken, that my husband was the meenister o' the kirk, and a man *universally respecked*, not only by the parishioners, but by the hale public at large!—Hem!—Weel, I mind there was a time, when we had ha'en a week o' vary bad weather; nasty dreepin' wat weather; it had been vary wat indeed; and my puir dear honest man had been vary badly with sair cauld he had cought;—he was vary ill indeed, puir man, and he really was very fractious, honest man, when ought ailed him;—vary fractious indeed, and he gave me a great deal o' trouble. Hem! Weel, I mind, Doctor Macglashan happened to ca' in to see my puir dear man yae day, for the doctor was a guid feeling hearted honest body, 't was he; and he used to distribute guid books amang the puir fo'k i' the parish, wha cou'dna' buy them. Ah! Sirs! I wus there war mair o' them read by the rising generation that is. Weel, as I was telling ye, the doctor called to see my puir man; and says he to him, that is, says Doctor Macglashan to my puir honest man, this has been vary wat weather, vary wat indeed. So says my puir dear honest man to Doctor Macglashan, My worthy colleague, I wish thou would gie the word for me at the kirk neist Sunday forenoon.—For you'll mind this, they took the service between them, forenoon and afternoon, diet by diet; and it was my puir dear man's turn to gie the word that forenoon; and he said he wish'd he would gie the word for him, for he was really vary bad indeed. And he said, that is, Doctor Macglashan said he would. And I was vary much obliged to him; for Doctor Macglashan was a vary good natured body; and I

thanked the doctor, for I was vary thankfu' to him.—Hem! Weel, I mind Sunday was anither vary wat day;—vary wat;—a nasty, dreepin' wat day indeed;—and Doctor Macglashan ca'ad in on my puir dear honest man on his way to the kirk, and he sat him down twa minutes, for he was vary wat; and he says to him, Hem!—that is, says my puir dear honest man to Doctor Macglashan, I wish thee mayna' tak' cauld, for it's vary wat; and he dreeped the weet frae his coat tails, and he shaked it aff his sleeves, and he dauded the rain frae the cocks o' his hat; for he really was extraordinary wat, puir man; vary wat indeed;—and ye'll mind there were na umberellas in thae days; and said Doctor Macglashan, said he, I wish I were dry again. Hem!—Now mind this, for this is the great point of the story:—Upon which, my puir dear man says, though in troth he was na' much gi'en to joking, yet he cou'dna' vary weel resceest the opportunity: So, hem!—so says my puir dear worthy man;—now mind ye this, for it's the point o' the joke—When the doctor said—that is, Doctor Macglashan said, he wished he was *dry*,—my puir dear honest body, (Eh, he was a wag) said he to his worthy colleague, Hem!—gang thy wa's up to the pu'pit, and thou'll be dry enough *there*, I warrant thee."—[*Throws off his dress.*]

This *leetle anacdote* of the old lady's husband, put the whole company in good humour; nay, even the cynical old gentleman in black, who seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence, deigned to laugh.—I observing this, seized the opportunity of drawing him into conversation; and having observed at our former *rencontre*, that he was a great admirer of what he called the old school of acting, but detested every thing of the present day, and would not allow the smallest merit to any living actor. What seemed to annoy him much was, the immense size of our winter theatres, which he said, (and with some good sense,) were the entire ruin, nay, utter destruction of all good and chaste acting. He was a great admirer of the late Mr Garrick, and I found among other peculiarities, that he had an utter aversion to punning, or any thing that looked like a pun. I was therefore mischievous enough to lead the old gentleman in a conversation, and occasionally to interrupt him in some of his best remarks with a pun, in order to divert the rest of the company. After a little inducement, he entered on the argument.

"Ah, I well remember that greatest of actors," said he, "the immortal Garrick. His figure was small to be sure, but then his countenance was highly expressive and intelligent; his voice, particularly in humble tones, and whispers, was capable of harrowing up the very soul. And he had an eye, (oh, what an eye that was) to use a very far-fetched expression that I once heard a friend of mine make use of, he had an eye that could pierce through a deal board." "Sir," said I, "I beg your pardon, but that must have been a gimlet eye." "That's a pun, Sir; and I must premise to you, that I have a most inveterate antipathy to any thing like a pun." I promised to *pun*ish him no more, and he proceeded. "Sir," said he, "I beg to say, the object we are on is a serious

one, inasmuch as it concerns the national taste. I was speaking, Sir, of the qualifications of the great actor; and, to put an extreme case, if he could be permitted once more to appear, and on any of our present enormous stages, what part could he possibly assume?" "Why, Sir," said I, "I know of no part a *dead actor* could possibly assume but *Posthumus*." "That's another pun, Sir; and allow me to say, it is a vile one. I perfectly agree with Dr Johnson, that a man who would make such a pun, would pick a pocket if he dared. Therefore I must beg of you to pay some little attention to what I say, or it will be wholly impossible for me to proceed." "Sir," said I, "I will pay you as *little* attention as possible." "Um? that, Sir, smacks of another; however, never mind, we'll get on. Why, as I was observing, his figure would be entirely lost on our present stages; and, as to his eye, it must be the ox's eye of Homer's Juno, or he need have none at all. Then, as to his humble tones and whispers, they would be employed exclusively for the benefit of the orchestra, for they would never be heard any where else," "And what, Sir, is the cause of this unnatural distension of the stage's mouth? Thalia is obliged to *squall*, Melpomene to *bawl*, and Terpsichore obliged to *sprawl*, to the entire confusion, and utter destruction of the regular drama: and, Sir, if this unnatural taste continues, I should not be at all surprised, at some distant period, if some country manager was to hire Salisbury Plain as a theatre, and subpœna *Gog* and *Magog* from Guild Hall to enact the parts of Rollo and Pizarro."

The lisping lady with the pug dog, seemed quite delighted to hear a subject introduced in which she accounted herself perfectly. *aufait*. "I am vastly glad to hear you speak concerning play-houses, Sir, for that's my favourite amusement. I hav'nt been lately at any of the winter houses, neither Drury Lane, nor Common Garden; therefore I have not had the pleasure of seeing any of the ladies you have just mentioned. I suppose they are new ones. Who are they? Mistress Pomminy; I don't know her—never heard of her before. I'm very fond of tragedy tho'; and I goes to Sadler's Wells very often, because, as how, I lives contageous to it." She now inundated the old gentleman's ears with the most ridiculous bundle of truisms ever invented. "I was saying, Sir, I am very fond of tragedies."

"Are you, ma'am?"

"They are wery dull tho'."

"Modern ones are, I grant you, ma'am."

"Yes; I mean with regard to their catystrophe."

"Umph?"

"I like comedies tho', dearly."

"Do you, madam?"

"Yes; because they al'ays makes me laugh."

"Doubtless, madam, that's their intent."

"Do you like pantomimes, Sir?"

"No, madam."

"Nor I neither, Sir, there's no talking in them."

" No madam."
" I likes talking dearly."
" So I perceive, madam."
" Hem! It's a wery fine day."
" Very fine, madam."
" The sun shines wery clear."
" Yes, madam."
" It is much pleasanter when the sun shines than when it rains."
" Certainly, madam."
" But the rain lays the dust for all that, tho'."
" Very true, madam."
" It does good to the gardens too."
" True."
" It makes the gooseberry bushes look so green, and smell so sweet."
" Upon my word, madam, it is impossible to contradict such self-evident axioms as these. Have you finished, madam? because, if you have, I will offer you some of my loose thoughts, which I have put together for the use of the rising generation; and though I am seldom jocose, yet, to oblige you on this occasion, I will make an effort; but as it would be tedious to enumerate them all, I will endeavour to extract the essence of them, and present them to you in the shape of a song."

SONG.

TRUISMS; OR, INCONTROVERTIBLE FACTS.

I'm Simon Bore, just come from college,
My studies I've pursued so far,
I'm called for my surprising knowledge,
The walking 'Cyclopædia.
Tho' some, perhaps, may call me quiz,
Their jeers I value not a jot;
In art, in nature, all that is
I'll tell you—aye, and what is not.
So you must all acknowledge, O,
I've made good use of college, O;
When I was there, completely bare,
I stripp'd the tree of knowledge, O.

Hay is brought to town in carts,
Ham sandwiches a'n't made of tin;
They don't feed cows on apple-tarts,
Nor wear gilt spurs upon the chin.
Bullocks don't wear opera hats,
Fiddles are not made of cheese,
Nor pigeon-pies of water-rats;
Boil'd salmon does not grow on trees,
So you must all acknowledge, O, &c.

Putty is not good to eat,
Frying pans ar'n't made of gauze,
Penny rolls are made of wheat,
Straw bonnets too, are made of straws.
Horses don't wear Hessian boots,
The Thames is not mock turtle soup,
A child can't eat an iron hoop,
And pigs don't play the german flute.
So you must all, &c. &c.

Kittens are but little cats,
Mouse traps are not county jails,
Whales are full as big as sprats,
They don't stuff geese with copper nails.
A German waltz is not a hymn,
The French are mostly born in France,
Fishes arn't afraid to swim,
And turkies seldom learn to dance.
So you must all, &c.

Twenty turnips make a score,
Dust-men rarely drink champaigne,
A cow's tail seldom grows before,
They don't make wigs of bamboo cane.
Dutchmen sometimes lay a'beds,
A cabbage cannot dance a jig,
Grass does not grow on ladies heads,
A bull dog need not wear a wig.
So you must all, &c.

Fifty pounds of yellow soap,
Weigh more than twenty-five of cheese,
An oyster cannot chew a rope,
Poor people have a right to sneeze.
Pigs don't read the Morning Post,
Watch-chains are not roasting jacks,
They don't make boots of butter'd toast,
Red herrings don't pay powder tax.
So you must all, &c.

The greater part of us having to return to London, we started by the next coach; and being loath to leave my cynical friend, my lisping lady, and the loquacious Frenchman, I joined their company.

I had scarcely arrived in town, when I was accosted by a country fellow up to the knees in mud, who had been stumping and gaping about the street in search of me;—he came running to me, seized me by the hand, shaked it heartily;—"Maister Charles," says he, "I am very happy I ha' found you." "Why so my friend?" "Why do you know I' been seeking thee mun fra 'tae end o't town to th' ither afore I found thee.—We're all com'd up to town mun, and they're a' waiting wi' anxiety to see thee?"—

" Who, who are come to town: and who are waiting for me?" The poor fellow stared, then grinning in my face,—" Why us, mun,—we're a com'd up fra Yorkshire to see thee mun, do'st na ken me?"

It was not till I had taken a second or third look at my friend, that I recollected him to be my old uncle's serving man, honest Zachary Flail. Well where are they, said I?—" Just up't toon a bit, —and I'm so glad I ha' found thee!—come thy ways mun, come thy ways: But bide a wee, I ha' a letter I should ha' gien thee before, but the fo'ks told me as how you wur away ballooning, so I kenn'd na' what that wur like, but its summut frae Miss Dolly thy cousin, and will tell thee all about it. I opened my letter, and found it had been sent some days before, informing me the whole family intended to be in town shortly to visit son Jerry, as they called him, and their dear cousin Charles. The latter part of this elegant epistle, finishing with a multiplicity of orders which I must execute, or should have executed, had I but received the letter in time, but my anxiety to visit the aerial regions, my preparations for the voyage, and the incomparable company of my friend the Major, had so kept me under a cloud, that it was quite impossible for honest Zachary to find me out. Therefore, as I saw there was now no alternative, but to jog with Zachary to meet my friends, I e'en folded up the letter and put it into my pocket.

But perhaps you would wish to hear the commissions I was entrusted with by my gay cousin.—Well as they are of the utmost importance, you shall.

SONG.

COUNTRY COMMISSIONS.

Dear Cousin, I write this in haste,
To beg you will get for mama
A pot of best Jessamine paste,
And a pair of shoe-buckles for pa',
At Exeter Change;—then just pop
Into Aldersgate Street for the prints—
And while you are there you can stop
For a skeine of white worsted at Flint's.

Papa wants a new razor strop,
And mama wants a Chinchilli muff;
Little Bobby's in want of a top,
And my Aunt wants six-pen'orth of snuff.
Just call in St Martin's-le-Grand
For some goggles for Mary, (who squints)
Get a pound of bee's-wax in the Strand,
And the skeine of white worsted at Flint's.

And while you are there you may stop
For some Souchong in Monument Yard;
And while you are there you can pop
Into Mary-le-bone for some lard;

And while you are there you can call
For some silk of the latest new tints
At the Mercer's, not far from White-hall,
And remember the worsted at Flint's.

And while you are there, 'twere as well
If you'd call in Whitechapel, to see
For the needles; and then in Pall Mall,
For some lavender water for me:
And while you are there you can go
To Wapping, to old Mr Chint's—
But all this you may easily do
When you get the white worsted at Flint's.

I send in this parcel from Bet,
An old spelling-book to be bound,
A Cornelian broach to be set,
And some razors of pa's to be ground.
O dear, what a memory have I!
Notwithstanding all Deborah's hints,
I've forgotten to tell you to buy
A skeine of white worsted from Flint's.

I followed my friend Zachary close at heels till we were close by Temple Bar;—at that moment the clock struck twelve, and Zachary's attention was immediately arrested.—He stood still, and I marched on.—I had not gone a hundred paces when I was accosted by Cousin Jerry, as Zachary was pleased to term him.—He seized me by the arm, "Come along my boy," said he, "never mind that clod pole, I'll set all to rights.—Here they are, the rummest set you ever beheld since you were the size of a tadpole.—I'm the boy." We had not proceeded a great way on our voyage of discovery, "There they are," said Cousin Jerry,—"there they are, my boy.—Only look at 'em, what a set of gigs." On casting my eye over to a print shop, what should strike my view but the motley group.—"Good bye, Cousin," said Jerry, "I'm off. I have an appointment at one.—Must go to my chambers,—have an eye to the main chance.—From that, run to Westminster Abbey. Curious case comes on to day;—never heard the like.—*Rex* versus *O'row*. Will you go?—Never mind me.—See you at the Chapter Coffee-house in half an hour.—Can't see the old ones now.—Haven't seen them yet,—only at a distance.—There they come, must'nt meet them.—Never get away from them.—Good bye my boy. Mind the coffee-house.—Good bye." So saying, Jerry was off like a shot.

I now saw it was totally impossible to avoid my country relations. They had now got their eyes on me; and the whole bearing down full sail to hail me. The first who accosted me was Cousin Dolly, a fine, tall, gawky, awkward, trolloping girl of eighteen, but full of life and spirits, gay as the larks which warble in their own fields in Yorkshire.—"May I die pa' if there be'nt

Cousin Charles!—What a fine gentleman he is grown."—Away she flew like an arrow from a bow, and in an instant clung round my neck. " Cousin Charles!" cried Tench Baffin, pulling out his spectacles, and clapping them on his nose; " Deary me! deary me! where is he? I ha'nt seen Cousin Charles this many a day!" The old gentleman hobbled up to me, seizes me by the hand, " Cousin Charley! how be'st thee mun? I'm main glad indeed to see thee look so well. Gies thy hand, do gies thy hand." I must confess, that if my Cousin Dolly made an awkward appearance on the streets of London, uncle Baffin's was rather a quizzical one. He was dressed in an old fashioned brown suit with brass buttons, a brown box wig, with one curl all round, not unlike my lady's postilion, a little cocked hat tied under his chin with a chocolate coloured silk handkerchief, making on the whole an *outre* appearance. I had scarcely seized uncle by the hand, when I was accosted by Aunt Agatha, an old maiden lady, somewhat turned of sixty, with all the airs of sixteen, doatingly fond of all the new romances, balls, and assemblies. She fairly threw her arms around my neck in the open street, and it was some time e'er I could extricate myself from her embrace. She was equally anxious for the news, as Uncle Baffin had been to enquire: " Well, my dear Cousin, what news in town? Where shall we go? Have you found us lodgings? What are we to do?—We must visit the play-house,—the opera-house,—the Lord Mayor's shew,—St James',—St Paul's,—Greenwich hospital,—the wild beasts,—and the Horse Guards." " Ha'd thy tongue, wilt thou, sister Agatha, we didna mean to see ha'f o' these places," cried uncle Baffin,—" No, no, I just com'd up to town to see son Jerry, and Cousin Charles.—When didst see son Jerry?" " Last time he wrote to us, he told us he was quite a gentleman—had gotten a place at Court, I think he said in the Inn Court, or Temple, or some of those places—nae doubt he has gotten a good pension wi' his place, too.—When didst thou see him?" " Oh, Sir, I saw him not long ago.—He heard you were in town—was very anxious to pay his respects to you, but business of consequence at the Courts forced him away. I shall see him again soon. If you'll step with me, Sir, I will endeavour to accommodate my Aunt and pretty Cousin with apartments,—then you can step with me as far as the coffee-house, where we will see your son. He is quite a dasher now, I do assure you."

I now conducted the ladies and uncle Baffin to apartments. And having left aunt Agatha and cousin Dolly to consult their toilet, my uncle and I adjourned to—Chapter Coffee-house, to meet Cousin Jerry.

When we entered the room, there were two very old acquaintances of my uncle's seated there. These were no other than Sir Hubble Bubble, and Dr Prolix.—After the usual compliments, we seated ourselves, and passed the time tolerably agreeable, till Cousin Jerry made his appearance.—" Ah dad, how d'ye do, how d'ye do?—Never saw you look better. How d'ye like town? Fine

place, a'nt't.—Seen the sights.—A world by itself. Nothing like this at home,—Eh ?—Sir Hubble, your servant ;—Dr Prolix, proud to see you.—Come, will you go ?—Have a snack, something good—not much,—a hot joint,—bottle of sherry—Eh ? Come, will you go ?"—" Hold, hold, young man," said Sir Hubble, who was not the most intelligent or articulate in his conversation, and of which the following is a specimen.

[*Imitates the inarticulate jargon of Sir Hubble Bubble.*]

" Hold ! hold—ca-lt s-suf-f-lle this,—No, no,—No uldle hald troth wilth me,—All fair and above board, I promise you.—No, —No."

[*This must be spoken with great Pomposity, and as ridiculous, and unintelligible as possible.*]

" Never mind, Sir Hubble, shan't detain you long,—shan't indeed. Must see all the sights."—" Ah, ha !" said the doctor, [*imitates the old man*] " did I ever tell you, the *tale* of a TAIL ; a story which happened when I was a very young man."—" Bah ! lubble, lubble. Upon my life you'll be the death of me ; do you think we have time to hear your damn'd long stories now.—No, no ? All fair and above board. No underhand work with me. No, no.—Your stories will be the death of me, I do declare." " Deary me ! deary me !" says uncle Baffin, " was that ony thing that happened when I was with you here ?—Do let's hear it ; do doctor." " You'll drive me mad, you will.—You'll be the death of me, I declare you will.—No, no. All fair and above board, &c. &c."——" Ah, do you remember Garrick and Wilkes ? I'm sure you put us often enough in mind of them." " Upon my life it's too much, &c." " Well, then you'll remember Garrick was a very little man, but he at the same time was a great man : or, what we may call a *great* little man. Well, Jack Wilkes and myself were something of the same size, and we were great dashers in those days ? Ah, I remember, it was when I was a very young man ?" " Upon my life this is too much. I really,"—" Well, it's not a long story. I remember I was going up the street one day, and I meets Wilkes ; and I very well remember I had on a new coat, a *new* coat ; and meeting Wilkes, I remember the tail of my coat was very short, and Wilkes coming up to me, laughed very heartily ; and I remember I asked him why he laughed so heartily ? And he said, Friend Prolix, said he, Thou hast got a very short tail ? And I looked to my tail, and replied to him, with much acrimony, Friend Wilkes, it will be longer before I get another ? Ha, ha ! ha !" " Upon my life doctor, your stories will be the death of me. Such a story ? you and your short tail." " Ah ! you may smile, but it was accounted a good story then ; and created a great laugh in those days, I promise you."

Talking of tails, said I, pray uncle, how do you get on at Whitby ?—Whale blubber, spermaceti, train oil, and farthing candles, doing pretty tightish ?—Eh ? " Deary me ! deary me ! cousin Charles, we're all done up now—nought doing at all.—There's nothing but gas sells now. Greenland fishery and oil

merchants may now shut shop, for there's nought doing at all. Very extraordinary thing gas, a'nt it? Some wonderful things done with it. Wonderful indeed, that *new* light ha' darken'd half the shops in our town." " Indeed! very sorry to hear it." " Great improvements still going on; all the city is now lighted with it; the watchmen are to carry it about in their pockets, for the accommodation of strayed travellers. Nay, I actually hear that it is in agitation to supply the vessels employed in the whale fishery with a plentiful quantity next voyage, to supply the want of moonlight in the northern regions by night, and assist the sun by day, in keeping that climate in a moderate temperature of heat; so that our worthy tars may not be incommodated by the mountains of ice, nor have their noses frost-bitten with the cold." Major Longbow at that moment entered the coffee room in search of me. Is not that a fact, Major, said I, " Upon my life its true.—What will you lay it's a lie?"

The Major's appearance created a kind of odd sensation among the members of our little party; he was, however, very jocose, and told us many of his astonishing anecdotes: among the others, he told us of the wonderful wet nurse he had, as was related by him on a former occasion, on board the *Polly Packet.* " Talking of lying," said the Major, " did I ever tell you that very curious circumstance which occurred to me, when I went to take out my passage on board the packet?" " Only look at your *berth*, plase your honour," says Daniel the steward, " only look at the berths, I'm sure they'll plase you." " Births! phoo! nonsense," says I,—" My eye! what a small ship this is!—Birth! phoo!. three of them wouldn't hold me. Dammè, I was born in a birth,—suckled by the ship's cow, till she broke her back in a storm,—and then it proved very inconvenient for her to wet nurse me any longer.—Never mind, nothing hurts me.—There's muscle.—Do you know I was once on the main-top for three months; never came down.—Don't look,—upon my life it's true. Did I ever tell you of the duel I fought in the West Indies.—Never mind if I did —tell it you again.—Remember it better by hearing it a second time. Well, Sir, I was challenged by Major O'Feathersplit,—never met any thing like it in all my life,—all met,—seconds measured the ground,—marched us off back to back,—gave the word, military style,—halt! front! fire! My unfortunate pistol missed fire. Major O'Feathersplit's ball of chillgillyput, struck me right between the eyes,—bounced off at right angles like a tennis ball,—carried of the weathermost corner of Captain Cockletop's nose, my second,—flew to the westward, and killed a large buffalo on the spot, that was feeding three hundred and sixty-five yards off. Upon my life it's true.—what will you lay it's a lie?"

" Ah, ha! ha! ha!—That reminds me of a story," said the Doctor, " which happened when I was a very young man." " Damn your long stories, Doctor; your stories will be the death of me.—Greatest bore on earth;—nothing of that with me;—no no; no underhand work with me; all fair and above board," &c. &c.

" Ah; this is a very good story, I assure you. It happened when I was a very young man." " I declare you'll be the death of me,—you will indeed." " Ah, ha! never mind; you recollect Jack Wilkes, and Billy Twist, two very dashing young men—they were indeed. I remember we were all sitting in a coffee-room one day, and Jack Wilkes, he says to me,—says he, Prolix, you have seen the lions, havn't you? and I said, No. Suppose we all go, says he. With all my heart, says I. So we all went to the Tower,—and—I remember there was a particular lion there at that time, that used to suffer the keeper to put his head in the lion's mouth. Now this was a very curious trick; and many of the ladies who were present, were anxious to see the man put his head in the lion's mouth. So it came to pass, that the man did put his head in the lion's mouth; and in a few minutes I heard a distant noise, as if from the farther end of the apartment; and a lady who sat next me, said, says she, " What doth he say?"—and I listened again, and I heard a hollow sound, as if from the bowels of the earth, repeating three times, " Doth he wag his tail? Doth he wag his tail? Doth he wag his tail?" and I immediately answered, " Yea, he doth wag his tail." " Then," said he, " I am a dead man." And so he would have been, if I had not had the presence of mind to feel the pocket of my inexpressibles, and took from thence a penknife, which I did at that, and do at this present time, nib my pens with, and with the greatest dexterity, I did slit up the belly of the animal, and extricate the unfortunate man." " Ha! ha! ha! Upon my life, Sir, your stories will be the death of me. I declare it is quite ridiculous. I ——" " Ay, ay, you may laugh. It was a very good story, and created a great laugh in those days, I assure you."

My loquacious friend, the Frenchman, having left his card at the bar, and whose patronimic and sponsorial appellation was Monsieur de Tourville, entered the coffee-room, during the latter part of Dr Prolix's narration; and being highly delighted with the wonderful escape, he exclaimed,—" Ah! l'bien drole!—you Anglaise are so comique. I do remember when I arrive a' Londre, I vas much entertain' vid de Anglaise. I vas introduce one jolle garçone, a Monsieur Matthew, who repeat much poet—he delight me so mosh vid de Anglaise poet,—it was so pretty and comique—de beautiful sound never leave my ear. I do remember von leetil song he would sing—pardonnez, if you will be so kind, I vill sing —Sair—Ah!

SONG.

THE COBLEAR A LÁ FRANCAIS.

A coblear der vas, and he live in his stall,
Which serve him for kitchen, for parlour—and every ting.
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate;
No ambition had he, no, no—creditor at his street door.
Derry down, &c.

Contented he live, and he tink himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a pot of good—porter,
And den he would whistle and sing so most sweet,
Saying, " Just to a hair, I make de two ends come togedder."
Derry down, &c.

But love, de disturber of high and of low,
He shoot de peasant, as well as de Macaroni,
He shot dis poor coblear right through de heart,
I vish he had hit some *nobler situation.*
Derry down, &c.

It vas from a cellar dis archer did play,
Vere a beautiful damsel always was sleeping,
Her eyes shone like stars, as rise in de morn,
And dey drove the poor coblear behind de street door.
Derry down, &c.

Den he sing his love-song as he sit at his vork,
But she had de heart of a Jew—or a *Musselman*,
For when he would speak, she would flounce and would flear,
Which drove de poor coblear into a melancholi.
Derry down, &c.

Den he took up his all dat he had in de vorld,
And to make away with himself he was fully determined;
Den he pierce through his body, instead of his sole,—(or *soal*)—
De coblear he die, and de bell go—bang, bang, bang.
Derry down, &c.

" Ah !" said the Doctor, " that puts me in mind of a story which happened on Tower-Hill, when I was a very young man—I—"—" Come," said Cousin Jerry, " never mind that story now; just hold your tongue for five minutes, and I'll relate to you the particulars of a very curious case, which was tried to day. And give me leave, gentlemen, by way of introduction, to expound to you what law is." Cousin Jerry then stood up, and after a few hems and coughs, by way of clearing his lungs, he proceeded as follows :—

(*He here puts on the lawyer's wig and gown.*)

" What a profound study is the law! and how difficult to fathom.—Well, let us consider the law, for our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and numbers, according as the statutes declare;—*considerandi*, *considerando*, *considerandum*,—and are not to be meddled with by those who don't understand them.

" Law always expressing itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders, except indeed when a woman happens accidentally to be slain, there a verdict is always brought in *man-slaughter.*—The essence of the law is altercation, for the law can altercate, *fulminate*, depricate, irritate, and go on at any rate." " Your son follows the law I think, Sir Thomas."—" Yes Madam, but I am afraid he will never overtake it,—a man following the law, is like two boys running round a table,

he follows the law, and the law follows him;—however, if you take away the whereofs, whereases, wherefores, and notwithstandings, the whole mystery vanishes,—it is then plain and simple. Now the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The first, is the beginning, or *incipiandum;* the second, the uncertainty, or *dubitandum;* the third, delay, or *puzzleendum;* fourthly, replication without *endum*, and fifthly, *monstrum et hoverendum;*—all which is clearly exemplified in the following case.—Goody Grim against Lapstone. This trial happened in a certain town, which, for reasons, shall be nameless, and is as follows:—Goody Grim inhabited an alms-house, No. 2. Will. Lapstone, a superannuated cobler, inhabited No. 3, and a certain Jew Pedlar who happened to pass through the town where those alms-houses were situated, could only think of No. 1. Goody Grim was in the act of killing one of her own proper pigs, but the animal disliking the ceremony, burst from her hold, and ran through the semicircular legs of the aforesaid Jew, knocked him in the mud,—ran back to Will Lapstone's the cobler, upset a quart bottle full of gin, belonging to the said Lapstone, and took refuge in the cobler's state bed.

The parties, being of course in the most opulent circumstances, consulted counsel learned in the law. The result was, that Goody Grim was determined to bring an action against Lapstone, for the loss of her pig with a curly tale; and Lapstone to bring an action against Goody Grim, for the loss of a quart bottle full of Hollands gin; and Mordecai to bring an action against them both, for the loss of a tee-totem, that fell out of his pocket in the rencontre. They all delivered their briefs to counsel, before it was considered, they were all parties, and no witnesses. But Goody Grim, like a wise old lady as she was, now changed her battery; and was determined to bring an action against Lapstone, and bind over Mordecai as an evidence.

The indictment set forth, that he, Lapstone, not having the fear of the assizes before his eyes, but being moved by pig, and instigated by pruinsence, did, on the first day of April, a day sacred in the annals of the law, steal, pocket, hide, and crib divers, that is to say, 500 hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, and did secret the said 500 hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, in said Lapstone's bed, against the peace of our Lord the King, his crown and dignity.

Mordecai was examined by Counsellor Puzzle.

"Well, Sir; What are you?"

"I sells old clo's, and sealing wax, and puckles."

"I did not ask you what you sold; I ask you what you are?"

"I am apout five and forty."

"I did not ask your age; I ask you what you are?"

"I am a Jew."

"Why could'nt you tell me that at first? Well then, if you are a Jew; tell me what you know of this affair."

"As I vas a valking along."

"Man—I did'nt want to know where you were walking."

"Vel, as I vas a valking along."

" So, you will walk along in spite of all that can be said."

" Pless ma heart, you frighten me out of my vits—as I vas valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming towards me—and so says I—Oh! Father Abraham, says I."

" Father Abraham is no evidence."

" You must let me tell my story my own vay, or I can not tell it at all.—As I vas valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming towards me.—Oh, Father Abraham, said I,—here comes de unclean animal towards me, and he runn'd between my leg, and upset me in de mud."

" Now, do you mean to say, upon your oath, that that little animal had the power to upset you in the mud."

" I vill take my oath, dat he upshet me in te mut."

" And pray, Sir; on what side did you fall?"

" On te mutty side."

" I mean, on which of your own sides did you fall."

" I fell on my left side."

" Now, on your oath, was it your left side?"

" I vill take my oath it vas my left side."

" And pray, what did you do when you fell down?"

" I got up again as fast as I could."

" Perhaps you can tell me whether the pig had a curly tail?"

" I vill take ma oath his tail was so curly as my peerd."

" And pray, where was you going when this happened?"

" I vas going to the sign of de cock and pottle."

" Now, on your oath, what had a cock to do with a bottle?"

" I don't know; only it vas the sign of de house. And all more vat I know vas, dat I lose an ivory tee-totem out of ma pocket."

" Oh, you lost a tee-totum, did you? I thought we should bring you to something at last. My Lord, I beg leave to take an exception to this man's evidence; he does not come into court with clean hands."

" How te devil should I, when I have been polishing ma goods all morning."

" Now, my lord, your Lordship is aware that tee-totum is derived from the Latin terms of *te* and *tutum*, which means, 'keep yourself safe.' And this man, but for my sagacity, observation, and so forth, would have kept himself safe; but now he has, as the learned Lord Verulum expresses it, 'let the cat out of the bag.'"

" I vill take ma oath I had no cat in my bag."

" My lord, by his own confession, he was about to vend a tee-totum. Now, my lord, and gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty to point out to you that a tee-totum is an unlawful machine, made of ivory, with letters printed upon it, for the purpose of gambling. Now, your lordship knows the act, commonly known by the name of Little go Act, expressly forbids all games of chance whatever. Whether put, whist, marbles, swabs, tee-totem, chuck-farthing, dumps, or what not. And therefore I do contend, that the man's

evidence is *contra bonus mores*, and he is consequently *non compos testimoncæ*."

Counsellor Botherem then rose up, "My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, my learned friend Puzzle has, in a most facetious manner, endeavoured to cast a slur on the highly honourable evidence of the Jew merchant. And I do contend, that he who buys and sells is *bona fide* inducted into all the mysteries of merchandize; *ergo*, he who merchandizes, is, to all intents and purposes, a merchant. My learned friend, in the twistings and turnings of his argument in handling the *tee-totum*, can only be called *obiter dictum*;—he is playing, my lord, a losing game. Gentlemen, he has told you the origin, use, and abuse of the tee-totum; but, gentlemen, he has forgot to tell you what that great luminary of the law, the late learned Coke, has said on the subject, in a case, exactly similar to this, in the 234th folio volume of the abridgement of the statutes, page 1349. Where he thus lays down the law, in the case of Hazard *versus* Blacklegs, —'*Gamblendum consistet, enactum gamblendi sed non evendum macheni placendi.*' My lord, I beg leave to say, that if I prove my client was in the act of vending, and not playing with the said instrument, the tee-totum, I humbly presume, that all my learned friend has said will come to the ground."

"Certainly, brother Botherem, there's no doubt the learned Sergeant is incorrect; the law does not put a man *extralegium*, for merely spinning a tee-totum."

"My lord, one of the witnesses has owned that the pig had a curly tail. Now, my lord, I presume, if I prove the pig had a straight tail, I consider the objection must be fatal."

"Certainly. Order the pig into court."

Here the pig was produced; and, upon examination, it was found to have a straight tail, which finished the trial. The learned judge, in summing up the evidence, addressed the jury,—"Gentlemen of the jury, it is wholly unnecesary to recapitulate the evidence; for the removal of this objection removes all ground of action. And notwithstanding the ancient statute which says, *Serium pigum et boreum pigum, et vendi curlum tailum*, there is an irrefragible proof, by ocular demonstration, that Goody Grim's grunter had a straight tail, and therefore the prisoner must be acquitted. And really, gentlemen, if the time of the court is to be taken up with these frivolous actions, the designs of justice will be utterly frustrated; and the attorney who recommends this action should be punished, not in the ordinary way, but with the utmost rigour and severity of the law."

This affair is thrown into Chancery, and it is expected it will be settled about the end of the year 1954.

"Ah! deary me! deary me!" said uncle Baffin; "Son Jerry's quite a cute dab at the law—he, he, he! And when did this here trial take place, Jerry!—Eh?"—"Pooh, pooh!" said Sir Hubble Bubble, "all nonsense;—never any thing of the kind."—"What! Pooh;"—"No noise, young man;—no brow-beating with me;—all fair and above board;—all hubble bubble," &c. &c.—

" Ah ha!" said the Doctor; " that puts me in mind of a story which I used to tell when I was a very young man."—" Oh, lord! oh, lord! you will be the death of me.—Damn your stories—no underhand work here—no, no. All fair, and above board, purr do for me.—No, no—"—" What's the matter, my honeys," said Mr O'Shaugnasane, an Irish barrister, who entered the coffee-room at that moment; " upon my honour, Sir Hubble, you're very noisy; one would suppose now you were in a passion."—" Ah, never mind, all's one to me—Damn'd long stories.—No, no, all fair and above board.—No, underha—ble, uble," &c.—" How are you, my boy?"—" Jerry, my tit, your most obedient; by the powers, I have been over a sleepy book these three hours, till the eyes are nearly worn out of my head.—The Lady of the Lake, they call it, written by some of the Scottish heroes—tyu!—pooh!—What's this his name is!—umph!—a W. S. I think they call him. By the powers, I have just been making a bit of a song from one of his; will you hear it? I took it from the boat song that the Highlanders sung when they met their chief.—What the devil! did they think nobody had a chief but them?—Irishmen have their chief as well as others.—Only listen.

SONG.

HAIL TO OUR CHIEF, &c.

Hail to our chief, now he's wet through with whisky;
Long life to the lady come from the salt sea,
Strike up, blind harpers! hey, let us be frisky,
Let none be so blyth or so merry as we;
Crest of O'Shaughnasane,
That's a potato plain,
Long may your root ev'ry Irishman know,
Pats long have stuck to it,
Long bid good luck to it,
Whack! for O'Shaughnasane! Tooley whagg, ho! &c.

Ours is an esculent, lusty and lasting,
No turnip, nor other weak babe of the ground,
Waxy, or mealy, it hinders from fasting,
Half Erin's inhabitants, all the year round.
Wants the soil where 'tis flung,
Hog's, cow's, or horses' dung?
Still does the crest of O'Shaugnasane grow,
Shout for it, Ulster-men,
Till the bogs quake again,
Whack for O'Shaughnasane, &c.

Drink, Paddies, drink, to the lady so shinning,
While flow'rets shall open, and bog-trotters dig,
So long may the sweet rose of Beauty be twining
Around the potato, of proud blarney-gig!
While the plant vegetates,
While the whisky recreates,

Wash down the root from the horns that o'erflow,
Shake your shillelah, boys,
Screeching drunk, scream your joys,
Whack for O'Shaughnasane! Tooley whagg, ho!"

At that moment, a very odd character entered the room, a city knight, and a great politician. We all know that there are many thousands of people, who swarm in and about London, as well as every place else, whose minds are entirely taken up between the affairs of the state, and the affairs of the kitchen. Many who are as anxious after good eating as politics, and who blend them together, as they would the ingredients of a sallad, making all the opposites mix in sweet concord to their own taste. Such was a friend of mine, who I am about to describe. He was equally anxious after venison and politics. He believed every cook to be a great genius; and to know how to dress turtle, comprehended all the arts and sciences together.

He was for ever hunting after newspapers, to read about battles, which he did not understand; and imagined soldiers and sailors were only made to have their heads blown off, that he might have the satisfaction of reading an account of it in the newspapers.

He read every political pamphlet that was published on both sides of the question, and was sure to be on his side whom he had read last. Then he would come in a good or ill temper, just as he had been pleased or displeased with the last he had read, and call for his night cap and slippers, and pipes and tobacco, and send for some of his neighbours to sit with him and talk of politics together.

"How do you do, Mr Costive?—come, sit down, sit down;—there, fill up a pipe and let us chat a little.—What do you think of these times, Mr Costive?—Hard times an't they?—I can no more relish these hard times, than I can a haunch of venison without sweet sauce to it. But I knew how it would be.—If you remember, I told you we should have warm work for it; when the cook threw down the *Kian* pepper.—O Lord! Lord! miserable times!—Did you read of the dreadful massacre the other day."—"Ay, ay; Well, well, I know a thing or two; I think I do; that's all."

"But Lord! what signifies what one knows,—they don't mind me! not a morsel. You know I mentioned at our club, the disturbances in America, and how the Yankee doodles had been a suffering; when one of them took me up short—Yankee doodle! Yankee devil, cried he; what signifies America, when we're all in a merry cue. Then they all laugh'd.

"Now there's commons made lords, and there's lords made the Lord knows what; but that's nothing to us, they make us pay our taxes; they take care of that. Ay, ay; the're always sure of that. And what have they done for it all?—Pray tell me what they have done for it these twenty years past?—Nothing at all; they have only made a few turnpike roads, and kept the partridges alive till September; that's, that's all, that's all they have done for the good of their country. Now, there were some people long

ago, that loved their country;—who did every thing for the good of their country.—Let me see—ay, there were your Alexander the Great,—he loved his country;—he stood firm for the freedom and independence of his country.—And Judas Cæsar loved his country.—And Charles of Sweedland loved his country.—And Queen Semirames, she loved her country better than them all;—better—for she,—she invented Solomongundy, the best eating in the whole world.

"Now, I'll shew you my plan of operations, Mr Costive.—You never saw my plan of operations, did you?—No, no, I need not ask that—no, you shall see.—We'll suppose this here drop of punch, to be the ocean, or the great sea where all the large ships sail.—Very well.—Now these here bits of cork we'll suppose to be our men of war.—Very well.—Now where shall I raise my fortifications? Oh! I wish I had Major Moncrief here, or Sir William Congreve; they are the best in the world at raising a fortification. Oh! I have it all,—(*breaks the pipe.*) We'll suppose them there to be the best fortified places in the whole world; such as Fort Omoa,—Tilbury Fort,—Birgin-up-Town,—Tower-ditch,—Dumbarton-castle,—Edinburgh-castle,—Leith-Fort, and all the other fortified places in the whole world. Now do you know what I would do?—I would have all my horse cavalry wear cork waistcoats, and all my foot infantry should have air jackets; then, Sir, they'd cross the sea before you could say Jack Robinson. And where do you think they should land?—Mr Costive?—Eh?—Whisper me that—Eh?—What?—When?—You don't know.—How the devil should you?—No, no.—Was you ever in Germany or Bohemia?—Now I have.—I understand jogrify.—Now, I'll tell you. They should all land in America, under the line, close to the South Pole.—Ay, there they should land, every mother's babe of 'em. Then, there is the Catabaws, and there's the Catawas; there's the Cherokees; and there's the ruffs and rees; they are the four great nations. Then I takes my Catabaws all across the continent from Jamaica to Bengal; then they should go down the Mediterranean. You know where the Mediterranean is? No, no, no,—bless my soul, you know nothing, and you won't be teached. Well, then, I'll tell you, and you'll now be more wiser than ever before;—the Mediterranean is the metropolis of Constantinople—there. Then I sends my fleet up the Black Sea, and I blockades Paris, till the French King had given up Paul Jones. Then I sends for General Clinton, and Colonel Farlton; and then I——, stay, where was I, though?"—"Oh, at Tarleton."—"Thank ye—so I was, but you are so dull and stupid, Mr Costive, that you put me out. Now I have it,—I'll tell you,—I'll explain the whole affair to you, and you shan't miss a word of it. Now, there's the King of Prussia,—and the Empress of Russia,—and the Nabob Arcat,—and the King of the Hotentots; they are all the Protestant kings; they are in the Protestant interest. Then they all join together, and they all make a diversion on the Cam of Tartary's back settlements. Then, Sir Guy Carleton comes with a circumbendibus, and he retakes all the whole islands,

Rhode island and all the rest; and takes them here, and there, and everywhere. Now, there's the whole affair explained to you at once."—(*Exit*)

SONG.

LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

You all must agree, that the world's epitome,
May be found in the London newspapers;
From parts far and wide, we have news in a tide,
Of ev'ry grand fete and odd caper.
In the coffee-room met, what a grave looking set,
With spectacles plac'd on their noses;
Politicians, a score, o'er the pages now pore,
And devour the strange news it discloses.
Auctioneering—volunteering,
Revolution—execution,
Hanging—dying—weddings—trying,
Price of gold, bought and sold,
And in business who wins and who loses.

[*Spoken.*] "Waiter, bring an evening paper?" "Not come in yet, Sir." "Indeed! its very late." "Yes, Sir; all owing to the debate last night. The *Day* didn't come in till almost *night*; and don't expect the *Evening Star* till *morning*. Here comes the man with the *Globe* on his back, and the *World* in his pocket." "Waiter! what's this?" "The Sun, Sir." "Why, it's wet?" "Yes, Sir." "Oh, yes; I remember we had a wet sun all last year, we don't want another. Waiter! bring me a candle?" "What for?" "To see the sun with." "Why can't you see the Sun without a candle?—in our country they can." "Pray, Sir, have you done with that there paper?" "No, Sir; but you may have this here paper." "Waiter! bring me the *Statesman*?" "It's on the other side, Sir." "Then bring me the *Post* or *Courier*?" "They are both on the same side, Sir." "Will you tell that gentleman who is spelling the advertisements, that he cannot oblige the company more, than by setting the *British Press* at liberty." "Will you give your Press for a Post, Sir?" "No, Sir; but I'll give up my *Statesman* for an *Independant Whig*." "I beg pardon, Sir; but I have just given the *wig* to that gentleman with the bald head." "Waiter!" "Sir?" "Why, the file of the *Englishman* is imperfect?" "Yes, Sir; we have lately sent a great many into France." "Oh, that accounts for it." "This *Statesman* is abominably dirty and worn,—bring me another?" "We havn't got another, Sir." "Send and buy one,—there's plenty of *Statesmen* to be bought." &c.

Keep it up, that's the way, all agog every day,
To know who wins and who loses.

2

In country, like town, from the peer to the clown
In Europe the great affairs are trying;
Politicians, you know, may be had at the plough,
What the news is they are all enquiring.

Hear the horn's twanging sound to the village resound ;
All are anxious, the news come so late in ;
Where a party is seen every night at the inn,
And for news most impatiently waiting.
Advertising—things surprising,
Siege or battle—shew of cattle,
Fighting cocks—price of stocks,
And in business who wins and who loses.

[*Spoken.*] " Waiter ! ask that gentleman to read *pro bono?*" " You'll excuse me, Sir ; but we don't take *that* in." " Landlord, will you have the goodness to read that paper out ?" " I beg your pardon, but I can't read very well at first sight, on account of the stops." " Ax *Mr Boxall*, the undertaker, if he'll read ?" " No, Sir ; I begs leave to object to that,—he always begins with the deaths, and that is something so professional.—Perhaps Mr Parchment the solicitor will, or shew *cause* why he refuses ?" " Why, Sir, I have no objections ; and as I hate every thing professional, I'll try if I can amuse you. What's this ? Oh, Watkins *versus* Wilkins. This was an action for the recovery of £2 : 14 : 9¾." " Now, didn't I tell you he would begin with something professional. We don't want law,—do we Doctor ?" " No, Sir ; I think the most amusing part of the paper is the accidents. Let me see.—On Thursday last, as a poor labouring man was at work on the top of a ladder in Spring Gardens, he was by a sudden gust of wind, blown as far as Charing Cross ;—he fell at the door of Bish's Lucky Lottery Office, where tickets and shares are selling."—" Pooh, pooh, it's only a lottery puff. I hate all puffs ;—don't you Mr Pastry-cook ?" " No, Sir ; I don't dislike any body's puffs. Live and let live—that's my motto." " Well, Sir, as you have put down the papers, I'll try if I can't amuse you." " Beware of puffs." " Oh, you have no need to tell me that, Sir ; for I think I smell a puff, the moment I take a paper in my hand. No, no, I'm not to be had. No, no, I think I know a little too much for that. Let me see.—Oh ! St Helena ! Ay, now here is something good ; this can't be a puff—*St Helena.* An officer who has just arrived from this island, reports the following curious circumstance : That the *ci-devant* emperor declares it is his fixed determination, in opposition to the advice of his faithful followers, to use no other than Turner's Blacking, to be had No. —— &c.

So keep it up every day, all agog, that's the way,
To know who wins and who loses.

3

Then they differ in the name, none alike, all the same,
Morning Chronicle, and Day Advertiser,
British Press, Morning Post, Herald, Times, what a host,
We read every day and grow wiser.
The Examiner, Whig, all alive to the gig,
While each one his favourite chuses,
Globe, Star, and Sun, to keep up the fun,
And tell all the world what the news is.

Examination—Botheration,
Consultation—Publication,
Abdication—Botheration,
City feasts—Wild beasts.
And in business who wins and who loses.

(*Horn.*) Gazette Extraordinary. (*Horn.*) Second Edition. Let me see, here must be something good.—We stop the press to announce, that if intelligence of any important victory should reach us, in the course of the afternoon, we shall publish it in the Third Edition. (*Horn.*) Third Edition of the Gazette Extraordinary. Ay, ay, now for it—let's see—here it is.—We stop the press—I beg you wont press on one so much Sir. We stop the press to announce, that nothing new has arrived since our last.—Great intelligence indeed—certainly very pleasant. (*Imitates a drunk man.*) " Waiter ! waiter—where the devil are you all—I want to have a peep at the papers—how d'ye—do ?—how d'ye do ?—No offence I hope ; if I intrude, say so—(*attempts to light his pipe at the candle.*)—Never intrudes not no nowhere—what do you laugh at ?—(*Laughs.*)—How dare you laugh at me ?—What a fool a man is to laugh, when he don't know what may happen to him the next minute.—Well, good night—good night—wish you all a sound sleep—I'll go to bed—I'll go to bed.—If any body has any objection—I hope he'll say so.—Don't mean to offend not no gentleman.—Where's the papers ?—Hollo ! I want the newspapers—(*takes up a paper*)—Now I'll go—I see the door very well.—Gentlemen, don't thing I'm drunk—No, I'm not drunk.—I can walk —very well,—and I can *hic-cup*—very well.—Well, I'm not drunk, I'm not drunk.—I see the door,—that's it—there it is.—Betty chambermaid,—get me a candle.—I'm going to bed.—Betty !—girl !—That's the oddest wench ;—she goes forty times a-day up stairs, and never comes down again.—Good night,—good night," &c. &c. " I say, Sir, do you ever read the papers cross-ways ?" " Always, Sir, from one end of the line to the other."—" I don't mean that." " What do you mean ?" " I mean from one side of the paper to the other."—" No Sir ; I always read from top to bottom." " Pooh, pooh, nonesense ; I mean cross readings."—" You'll make me very cross if you go on so." " Only allow me, Sir, you shall hear. Last night, a young gentleman made his first appearance in the arduous character of Hamlet—and performed it with great ease in less than fifteen minutes.—Lost, a lady's lap dog ;—answers to the name of Pompey—if he will return to his disconsolate parents, he will be kindly received. A beautiful spotted cow is now exhibiting at Exeter—for the benefit of herself, and her six motherless children. An over drove ox ran down Fleet Street, and entered the dwelling house of—Mr Baily's glass manufactory, where he did considerable damage ; due notice will be given of his second appearance.—Wants a place as a groom, a young man of respectability, who can give an unexceptionable character ; letters post paid will find him —double ironed in Newgate, for horse stealing. Last week the cat of Lady Dimbledon produced at a birth—nine regiments of soldiers ready for embarkation. An ill-looking fellow was lately

taken into custody, and carried to Bow Street, on suspicion of several robberies lately committed. On searching his pockets, they were found to contain—six chaldrons of coals, two waggons, and five fine horses. Lost, a lady's ridicule, its contents were—a chest of mahogany drawers, and a grid-iron.—Married at Leeds, Josiah Jones, Esq. to Miss Isabella Jenkins of that place—he seem'd fully resigned to his fate.—The minister pronounced the awful sentence of the law on the unhappy wretch;—he was a good looking young man, about five and twenty years of age, and in all other respects, behaved himself with becoming propriety.

Thus keep it up, that's the way, all agog ev'ry day,
To know who wins, and who loses.

We now considered it high time to adjourn from the coffee-room, to have a peep at the curiosities of this wonder metropolis, and were about to adjourn, when our progress was arrested by a strange figure who entered the room. This was a tall, raw-boned Yorkshireman, who had been all over the town in search of cousin Jerry and myself. After shaking hands with Jerry, and making his bow to uncle Baffin, he seated himself immediately opposite to me. "I'cod! I do really believe, Sur, that you are the very man I ha' been looking a'ter. Indeed, yees! I really do think, as how you be he." "Why so?" "Pray, Sur, if I may make so bold, be'ent you summut in the singing line?" "Why do you ask?" "Oh, Sur, I hope there's no defence. You mun ken I'm building a mill; and, in about three weeks, I mean to have a sort of a house-warming.—We are vary musical in our parts, you mun ken.—I plays on fiddle at church o' Sundays mysen; and brother plays on a great big long thing like a horse's leg, painted, wi' a brass crook stuck in end o't; and there he puffs away, like a pig in a fit. And, as we ha' a vast o' music meetings, and them sort o' things, I should like to open my mill wi' a *Roritorio;* and I wanted to ax you to come down and sing at it." He then related a family anecdote, how he gained this property which he was now in possession of. "You must know, Sir," said he, "that my feyther dee'd all of a sudden, like; and never gie' ony body notice he war going to die; and so he left his family in complete profusion. So when I found he war deed, as I wer't auldest son, I thought I had a right to 't all the cash. So I told neighbour Hail so; and he said, as how he thought, though I were auldest son, that I had na right to all 't brass. But I said, I were not only oldest, but handsomest into 't bargain; for you never see'd in all your life, sik five ugly corroty-headed deivils among ony litter o' pigs, as my five brothers and sisters were. And as I see'd they meant to diddle me out o' my internal estate, I was determined to have a bit o' law o' top o' the regicides." "And you applied to counsel, no doubt?" said cousin Jerry. "No, I didn't; for I don't know him. I went to lawyer Latitat o' our parts, and paid him six and eight-pence, a' in good brass ha'pence, and he wrote me down my destructions, as he called them, which was as follows:—"You must go to the Temple, and apply to a *civilian*,

and tell him your father has died intestate, or without a will;—that he has left five children, all infantine;—and that you have come to know whether you can't be his executor.'" "Well, what did you do?" "Why, I went to 't Temple and knock'd at door; and a gentleman com'd to 't door himsen; and I said, Pray, Sir, be'ent you a *Sillyvillian?* and he axed if I were come to *insult* him? And I said, yes, I be partly com'd on that purpose. I com'd to insult you, said I, to know what I am to do; for my feyther died *detested*, and *against* his *will;* and he has left five young *infidels*, besides mysen, and I can't be his *executioner*,"

"Ha, ha, ha! that puts me in mind of a good story which happened when I was a very young man."—"Damn your long stories, you'll be the death of me, you will indeed.—Come, come, let us go and peep at the Monument and St Paul's, and Queen Anne, and all the rest of the curiosities."—So saying, we left the coffee-room, to feast our eyes on the beauties of this far-famed city. We had not proceeded far on our way, when we were accosted by a most wonderful character. This was no other than the astonishing Dr Puffstuff the mountebank, who was mounted on his stage, haranguing the multitude. We were handed bills, containing vouchers of the many and extraordinary cures he had performed, —and he harangued as follows:—

"Ladies and gemmen, my name is Doctor Puffstuff, physician to the great and mighty *Kou Khan*, Emperor of all the Chinas. I vas converted to Christianity during the embassy of the late Lord M'Cartney, and left that there country, and came over to this here;—the greatest blessing that ever happened to Europe.—For I have brought with me the unparalelled, and inestimable, and never to be matched medicine. The first is called the grand *Parrymandiron Rapskianum*, from *Wamby Wang Whang;* one drop of which, if poured into one of your gums, if you should happen to have the tooth-ache, or the misfortune to loose your teeth, will cause a new set to sprout out like mushrooms from a hot bed. And if any lady should happen to be troubled with that unpleasant and redundant exuberance, called a beard, it will remove it in three applications, and with greater ease than Packwood's razor-straps. I am also very much celebrated in the cure of the heyes. The late Emperor of China had the misfortune to lose his left heye by a catarrh; I very dexterously took out the heyes of the Emperor, and after anointing the sockets with a peculiar glutinous *happlication*, I placed in two *heyes* from the head of a living lion; which not only restored his majesty's *wision*, but made him dreadful to all his henemies and beholders. I begs leave to say, that I have *heyes* from all different hanimals, to suit all different faces and professions. This here bottle, which I holds in my hands, is called the grand *Elliptical*, *Asiatical*, *Panticurical*, *Nervous Cordial*, that cures all diseases incident to humanity. I don't like to talk of myself, ladies and gentlemen, because the man who talks of himself is so much like an *hegotist;* but this I will venture to say of myself, that I am not only the greatest physician and philosopher of the age, but the greatest genius that ever illuminated mankind. But you know I don't

like to say nothing about myself; you should only read one or two of my lists of cures, out of the many thousands I have by me. If you knew the benefit so many people have received from my grand Elliptical, Asiatical, Panticurical, Nervous Cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity, none of you would be such fools as be sick. I'll just read you one or two.—(*Reads.*) Sir, I was jamm'd to a jelly in a lintseed-oil-mill. Cured by one bottle!—Sir, I was boiled to death in a soap manufactory. Cured by one bottle!—Sir, I was cut in halves in a saw-pit. Cured by half a bottle!—But now comes the most wonderful of all. Sir, walking too near the powder mills at Faversham, I was, by a sudden explosion, blown into a million of atoms; by this unpleasant haccident, I vas rendered unfit for my business (a banker's clerk); but hearing of your grand Elliptical, Asiatical, Panticurical, Nervous Cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity, I was persuaded to make an essay thereof. The first bottle united my strayed particles; the second animated my shattered frame; the third effected a radical cure; and the fourth sent me home to Lombard Street to count guineas, make out bills for acceptance, and recount the wonderful effects of your grand Elliptical, Asiatical, Panticurical, Nervous Cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity."

This harangue was followed by a multiplicity of sounds, which may be more fully exemplified in a song,

SONG.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

Come bustle neighbour Prig
Buckle on your Sunday's wig,
In our Sunday's cloaths so gaily,
Let us strut up the old Bailey;
Oh! the devil take the rain,
We may never go again,
See the shows have begun, O, rare, O!
Remember Mr Snip,
To take Mrs Snip—
There's the little boy from Flanders,
And that 'ere's Master Saunders,
Stand aside, let's have a stare, O!

[*Spoken.*] "Valk up, valk up, ladies and gemmen.—Here's the vonderful birds and beastesses, just arrived from Bengal in the Vest Indies. Only look at this here beautiful hanimal; has two hundred and forty-two spots on his body, and not two spots alike; —it's out of the power of any limner to describe this here hanimal,"—"Well, really it's a most beautiful creature."—"This here, ma'am, is the royal helephant, the most vonderful and sagacious creature alive; this, ladies, is what the wulgar calls a trunk, but what we call a preposterous; only look at him."—"I say, my master, turn him round; let us have a peep at his stem, as well as his stern."—"There he is, Sir; measures fifteen feet from the tail to the snout, and sixteen from the snout to the tail;—grows

an inch and a half every hanual year, and 'tis supposed he will never come to his proper growth."—" My eyes, Jack, what a wapper—Come, stir him up with a long pole— Only hear that 'ere fellow roar—(*Imitates the lion, &c.*)

Hey down, ho down, derry derry down;
See the humours of Bartlemy fair, O!

When the fair was at the full,
In gallops a mad bull,
Puts the rabble to the rout,
Lets all the lions out;
Down tumbles Mrs Snip,
With a monkey on her hip,
We shall all be swallowed up I declare, O!
Roaring boys—gilded toys—
Lollipops—shilling hops—
Tumble in—just begin—
Cups and balls—wooden walls—
Gin and bitters—apple fritters—
Shins of beef—stop the thief—
Oh Polly—where's Molly—
Bow wow—what a row.

(*Spoken.*) Now is your time, ladies an' gemmen—now's your time! Valk up here—here's the vonderful kangarou, from Bottomhouse Bay!—Here's the vonderful large baboon, that danced a paddy dow with the celebrated Mr Barrinton!—Here's the vonderful leperous-spotted tom-cat of the whole creation, vich can see as vell in the dark, as vithout ever a light!—Here's the vonderful little marmozet monkey, just arrived from the island of Lilliput."—" Dear me, what a fine tame little animal."—" Yes, ma'am, he vere alvay wery tame to the ladies.—This, ma'am, is the beautiful Zebra—there he is in half-mourning, black and vhite, like a chessboard.—This here, is the vonderful laughing Heyena, who is alvays laughing—never crying;—there they are, ma'am—Wha ta set of beauties, a'nt they?—Stir 'em up there."—(*Roars.*)

Hey down, &c.

Now the beast with angry tooth,
In anger 'taks the booth;
Away, affrighted run,
Birds and eagles of the sun:
Down tumbles trot-legg'd Rollo,
Who tips 'em a voice hollo!
Poor Cora's in the mud, I declare, O!
Girls squalling—showman bawling—
All flurry—hurry skurry—
Cats throwing—trumpets blowing—
Sausage frying—children crying—
Dogs of knowledge—come from college—
Learned pigs—rum rigs—
Funny clowns—ups and downs—

What a throng—push along—
That's the prime—just in time.

[*Spoken.*] "Look here, ladies an' gemmen—this is the only collection in the fair worth looking at."—"Pray, Sir, what do you call that large bird up in the corner."—"That, Sir, is the vonderful Sun Heagle, the hotter the sun, the higher he flies.—There's the vonderful cow, that can't live on the land, and dies in the vater. Only look at this here; I suppose as how you think that 'ere man's alive: Lord love you, he's no more alive than you are.—Stand off the steps there; make vay for that 'ere gemman with the smoke frock, and the carbuncled nose.—Here, nows your time to see the celebrated and vonderful Vooden Roscius, Mr Punch, for the small charge of one penny. Come, Mr Punch, show the company some of your tricks. (*Imitates.*) "How do you do, Mr Punch?"—"Shallaballa, shallaballa!"—"How you do your vife?"—"Shallaballa, shallaballa," &c. (*Imitates Punch.*)

Hey down, &c.

We now left this scene of confusion and noise, and bent our course for St Paul's, with the intention of viewing the statue of Queen Anne, and hearing the tremendous reverberation of the whispering gallery. On our way, Monsieur de Tourville shewed us an advertisement he had brought from Paris, belonging to a friend of his, a Monsieur Theodocius Zignoni, an inn-keeper at Verona. This said Theodocius Zignoni, that the accommodation of his house might be well known to all travellers of different nations, had the following circular published in the Italian, German, French, and English languages. The following translation in English, is given *verbatum et literatum*, and may perhaps give amusement to my English auditors.—(*Reads.*)

"The old inn of London's Tower, placed among the more agreeable situations of Verona's course, belong to Sir Theodocius Zignoni, restored by the decorum most indulgent to good things of life's cases, which are favoured from every arts liable at same. With object that is connected—conveniency of stage coaches—proper horses—but good forages and coach houses—do offers at inn-keepers the constant hope, to be honoured from a great concourse, where politeness and good genius of meats to delight of all nations—round table coffee-house—hackney coachmen, servants of place, swiftness of service, and moderation of price, shall arrive to accomplish in him all satisfaction, and at his who will do the favour coming him, a very assured kindness!"

"Hollo! what's all this?" cried Sir Hubble,—"what's all this? I don't understand your lingo.—Speak in plain English; no underhand work here,—all fair and above board. What's all this about? speak out—don't be afraid, Mounseer.—What does it all mean?"—"*Sair*," said Monsieur Tourville, dis is the advertise of *Mon. Ami*; and, *Sair*——" "I don't understand your mong and mee;—speak in plain English."

" Sir," said I, " if you will allow me to endeavour an explanation, I have no doubt but I shall be able to give you a satisfactory translation of my friend's advertisement."

" That's right my boy, let's here your definition. I like all fair and above board ;—no underhand work with me.—No, no—hubble, bubble," &c. &c.

" Sir," said I, " the gentleman who advertises, is landlord of a very large inn in Verona in Italy, where he means to give satisfaction to travellers of all nations. For this purpose, he has had his advertisement translated into the Italian, German, French, and English languages, in order that all might read, and all equally understand. But as the English language has many peculiarities, and being a jargon of—"

" Hollo ! what's that you say, Sir ; do you say that we, true born Englishmen, speak jargon ?—No, Sir, no ; 'tis this d——d fricaseed Mounseer who speaks jargon. No, no ; what we say is all fair and above board ;—no jargon with Johnny Bull—none of this, Sir ;—no bullying."—" I mean to say, Sir, that our English is a mixture of many languages, and consequently very difficult for a foreigner to translate it with grammatical precision."—" Hubble, bubble," &c. &c. &c. " Therefore, Sir, the gentleman who translated this into English, in all cases has confounded moods, cases, and genders, in such a manner as might puzzle any one—He meant to say, Signor Theodocius Zignoni, proprietor of that old and established inn, called the Tower of London, and situated in the most agreeable spot for the accommodation of travellers from all nations."—" Hollo ! no underhand work here ;—all fair and above board ;—you are as difficult to be understood as the Mounseer here.—Come, come, let's to the top of the cupola ; there we will have a view of the whole town at once." " *Sair*," said Monsieur Tourville, " I shall be very much proud to accompany you before."

When we got to the cupola, and were looking round, " Ha, ha !" said my friend Prolix, " this puts me in mind of a circumstance which happened here when I was a very young man."

" Upon my soul, Doctor, you are as bad as a death watch, or a *memento mori*. You are eternally boring us with your long stories.—You'll be the death of me ; upon my soul you will."

" Well, well, never mind, you'll not be kill'd with the length of my story, though the person I am about to introduce to you, was nearly so.—I remember this happened when I was a very young man. You have all heard of Sir James Thornhill, that great and wonderful artist,—he was the person who painted the inside of the cupola of St Paul's ;—he was a very eminent artist indeed.—Well, after having finished one of the compartments, he began to step back gradually on the scaffold, whereon he was working, to see how it would look at a distance. Well, he receded so far, still keeping his eye stedfastly fixed on the painting, till he had got almost to the very edge of the scaffolding without perceiving it ; had he continued to retreat, one half minute more would have completed his destruction,—for he must have fallen to the

pavement underneath. One of his assistants, who saw the danger of that great artist, instantly sprung forward; and having a pound-brush in his hand, dipped it in a pot of black paint which stood at hand, daubed the painting in an instant, spoiling it wonderfully. Sir James Thornhill, the artist, in a transport of rage, ran forward to save the remainder of his painting; he was in a great passion at the poor fellow, and was going to knock him down.—Hold, Sir, cried he, look round, see the danger you were in; you were at the extreme edge of the scaffolding; had I call'd to you, you would certainly have look'd round, and the very look of your danger would have made you fall indeed.—So that I had no other method to save the artist, but by destroying his painting."

"Oh! Ubble, bubble, is this all?—good story indeed!"

"Ah! you may gibe, but I assure you it was thought an excellent story in those days,—and Sir James laugh'd very heartily after it, I do assure you. It was well he did, for if he had fallen, he never would have laughed again."

"*Hela mon Dieu*," cried Monsieur de Tourville; "vat grande palais you call dat fine place? is dat de Palais Royale vere your King reside?" "What, that place down there, the Palais Royale! Lord love your stupid head, that's the Fleet Prison." "Stop, *Sair*, if you please:—I write down in my *leetle* book vat you call —umph! (*writes*) dat is de Palais Royale—Lord Lovet's stupid head, and de fleet is in prison.—*Sair*, vat you call dat *grande maison* do stand dere—vat great prince as live dere?" "What that fine building, down by the water—that place down,"—"oui, *Sair*," "That's one of the honours of Great Britain. That's what's call'd Greenwich Hospital;—that's where all our brave British tars, who have worn out their youth and their strength, or may-be lost a limb or two in their country's service, have a comfortable retreat for life. You can't boast of such a place, Monsieur."—"Stay, *Sair*, till I shall write—(*writes*)—De large green —vat you call—um—umph—as de British tars have lose dere limb make von grande retreat. Pray, *Sair*, vat you call de house dere, down in dat place dere vid de"—"What, down there?—a fine place that, Blue Coat School, instituted by———, feeds and clothes a hundred and seventy fine fat chubby boys—bless 'em, fine looking boys,—saves me a muffin every morning at breakfast, just to look at their jolly faces, dear little scoundrels,—oh! they are a set of fine little rogues"—

"Umph! de blue school do keep von hundred and seventy leetle scoundrels, all leetle great rogues.—Vat you call dat great black smokey, dirty-looking house; dat is vat you call your bastile, your prison for de great man?"—

"Umph! that black smokey house—Eh! why, it is not exactly a prison, though a great many great men reside there. That—umph!—that is the Palace of St James's, where our beloved Monarch holds his Court."

"Mon Dieu! dat de grande Palais Royale! sacre dieu! Stop, *Sair;* I vill take down vat you have say.—St James live in de black ugly maison of de Monarque, vid von hundred and seventy

leetle rogue, all fine scoundrels, vich he feed vid a muffin,—dey make de grande retreat and lose dere limb—in de green vat—you call—honeur to Great Britain—Lord Lovet stupid head—put de fleet in prison.—Ah ! dat is good,—dat vill do, Sair."

" Well, Sir, have you made your proper remarks on our wonderful town ?" " Sair, I'ave very much vonder at your gay metropolis."—" Indeed ! glad to hear it ; only listen Sir."—

SONG.

Oh, what a Town ! what a wonderful Metropolis !

Oh, what a town !
What a wonderful metropolis !
Such a town as this was never seen ;
Fo'ks are so gay,
And the crow'ds so obstrepolis,
For ev'ry person seems to figure out and in.
In Bond Street and St James's,
The loungers and the dashers go ;
If you wander to St Giles's
There you'll find some very low.
Mingle at Cheapside, in Aldergate, or Cripplegate,
In Duke's Place, or Golden Square,
The knowing-ones you're sure to meet,
All going through this town, this wonderful metropolis ;
Such a town as this was never seen.

Oh, what a show it is,
To wander up and down, and see
Each character around you, from
The cobbler to the King.
Here actors, and wild beasts too,
In ev'ry corner you may find,
All drest and decorated out, just ready to be seen ;
Jew pedlars here to cheat
The ladies, lords, and gentlemen ;
And lawyers' clerks so neat,
With ladies'-maids, and serving-men ;
Opera-dancers,
Fencing-masters, in each street are to be found ;
Dupes and sharpers join'd together,
To form the concourse of this town.
Oh, what a town, &c.

Oh, what a sight it is
To see the dashers in the Park,
And so light to see, when dark,
Vauxhall so gay.
Here's tight-rope-dancers,
Jugglers, harpers, cherry bounce, and Holland's gin ;
Sky-rockets, squibs, and fire-balloons,
With Madame Saqui ;

Then illuminations, exultations,
Fiddlers, singers, all so brisk ;
You'd really think it fairy-land
To see them round about you frisk.
Pavilions, temples, grand canals,
And yet no water to be seen ;
With Chinese bridges, rocks, and hills,
And cataracts to fall between—
All in this town—this town, &c.

Oh, what a sight to see
St Paul's, the Tower, and Monument,
Westminster Abbey, Drury Lane,
And London Bridge ;
Then Shops so gay,
And goods so cheap, beneath prime cost, I do declare ;
Fine pictures too, and baby toys,
You'd think I fudge.—
There's auctioneers, in pulpits fine,
With hammers, Going—going—gone !
And pretty ladies, drest so smart—
Upon my life they're all the ton.
Old apple-women, bawling out
To buy their fruit, so nice and clean ;
With chimney-sweepers—fine hot rolls—
And dust-men to fill up this scene—
All in this town—this, &c.

But only walk along
Until you come into the Strand,
And there you'll find amusement
Of a diff'rent sort ;
There, funny MATHEWS you will see—
I'm sure you'll find him quite *at home !*
And ready to oblige you with all kinds of sport,
In Fire or Water, Earth or Air ;
Mail-coach Adventures—Youthful days—
His Country Cousins, too, so droll—
With Longbow, who still sounds his praise,
And swears, " upon my life all's true :
" What will you lay it is a lie ?"
With Doctor Prolix—Uncle Baffin—
Miss Doll—and Cousin Jeremy—
All singing of this town—this wonderful, &c.

We were just about to leave St Paul's, to go in search of some other amusements, when up rushes poor Zachary Flail, without coat or hat ; that is, he had but a very small part of the former remaining, the skirts being entirely torn off, and only a flap hanging on each shoulder, like the remains of Harold's shirt ;—his face pale as a sheet ;—his hair bristled on end " like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

We were very much alarmed te see poor Zachary in such a state, and immediately inquired into the cause.

" Oh, deary me, deary me !" said he, " but this Lunnun is a terrible place ; I never seed the like on't ; nay, I never did, I assure you. Why fo'ks canno' gang on their ain gaits in this toon, but they mun be pull'd and dragg'd, and cuff'd about, just as tho'f they were a set of vagabonds, and no like decent Christian fo'ks; deary me, deary me ! I wish I wur weel hame again."

" Why, what has happened to you, friend Zachary ?"

" What ha' happen'd !—Ecod, Sur, I do think, by your leave, that the deveil incardinate ha' happen'd, and that this cursed town be either Bealzebub's kitchen, or his best parlour."

" Come, come, Zachary, put your scattered senses into some kind of order, and tell us how this misfortune befel you."

" Ecod ! I wish I could put my scattered claiths into some kind of order. (*Looks round, as if examining his coat.*) Well, as we're just coming down t' street, to meet wi' maister, and 't young Miss, as I was desired like, I wur looking at every thing my e'en could catch ; for there be a mort of fine things in this toon.—Well, I was thinking on yae thing, and thinking on 'tother, and just looking at yae thing, and looking at 'tother.—I com'd to a fine shop, where were a mortal crowd of fo'ks in, so I stands outside, and looks too. So a man outside the door, a smartish looking chap, wha luck'd just as he wanted to see what was ga'en on too—so he sees me, and laughs, and gies me a nod and a wink, just so;—as if he had kenn'd me afore.—How are you Zachary ? So I nods and laughs too.—So he wags on me to come forward, and bids me gang in : I thanked the man, for I thought it was very kind o' him ; so I steps into 'tshop ;—and a mort o' fo'k were there, I do assure you. So I sees a very flashy chap, up in a pulpit, wi' a leetle wooden hammer in his hand, and he were a selling o' fine silver geer. So when I goes in flashy chap in pulpit, he looks o'er to me, and laughs, as much as to say, How do you do ? He takes up a fine silver cruet—hands it round—fo'ks look't at, and it com'd to me ; I look'd at it, and really I thought it was very pratty. So chap in pulpit looks at me, and nods ; and I nods too ; as much as to say, it's really a very pratty cruet. But, in my mind, nobody like't it so weel as I did, or didna want to buy it, for chap laid it bye again. Then he lift up a very large pratty silver tea-pot, and he looks to me, as much as to say, that's very handsome, now, isn't it ? And I nods, as much as to say, I really think it is. Chap lays it bye. He then holds up to me a silver cream-pot, and sugar-bowl ; and I nods to him again ; he lays them down. Thinks I to mysen, this chap means to shew us all his goods before he sell 'em, which is very civil on him. So he ho'ds up yae fine thing after another, a' silver geer, aye looking at me, and nodding. And I nods to him again ; thinks I, this be a rum chap, surely, to make so free wi' me at first sight. So he goes on till he had a great heap of things gathered by his side, and 'till sale was over. Every body was coming away, and I was coming away too ; and chap says to me, " Sur, all these things are your's." Mine,

Sir ! bless you, I couldn't think on't ; they don't belong to me, I do assure you ; you are under a mistake Sir,—" Oh yes, Sir, they're all yours, and where shall I have the honour of sending them home ?"

" You are very kind, Sir," said I, " but I assure you they are not mine ; I never saw them in all my born days till now."

" That may be," said flashy chap ; " but you know you bought them all just now."

" Me, Sir ?—I do assure you I never said a word."

" Yes, but you gave your assent to the goods being laid bye."

" Not I, Sir, I do assure you ; so I wish you a very good morning, Sir. So I'm a going out at 'tdoor, when 'tman catches hold of me, and cries, stop thief ! Ecod in a minute there's a mort of fo'ks gathered round me ; and began to pull and bullock me about, just in my mind, as one Christian should not do to another ; so at last I gies yen a thump, and 'tother a wallop, till I had about a dozen o' chaps sprawling in 'tmud. In 'tscuffle I lost my hat, and the chaps tore 't tails fra' my coat, and I war fain to take leg-bail, get away as fast as possible in the state you see me. Oh, deary me ! deary me ! I wish I wur down at country again, out o' this wicked place, and beside my dear sweet-heart—sweet Kitty Clover of Dankstan Meads.

SONG.

SWEET KITTY CLOVER.

Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,
Oh, oh, oh, oh !
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,
Oh, oh, oh, oh !
Her cheeks are round, and red, and fat,
Like a pulpit cushion, and redder than that.
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so.
Oh, oh, oh, oh !

Sweet Kitty in person is rather low !
Oh, oh, oh, oh !
Sweet Kitty in person is rather low !
Oh, oh, oh, oh !
She's three feet high, and that I prize,
Is a very fit wife for a man of my size.
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,
Oh, oh, oh, oh !

Where Kitty resides, I'm sure to go.
Oh, oh, oh, oh !
Where Kitty resides, I'm sure to go,
Oh, oh, oh, oh !
One moonlight night, when—Oh ! what bliss !
Through a hole in the window she gave me a kiss.
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so.
Oh, oh, oh, oh !

If Kitty to Kirk wi' me would go.
Oh, oh, oh, oh!
If Kitty to kirk wi' me would go.
Oh, oh, oh, oh!
I think I would never be bother'd again,
If after the parson she'd say,—Amen!
Then Kitty would ne'er again bother me so.
Oh, oh, oh, oh!

We now left this scene of action, first having again dispatch'd honest Zachary Flail on another mission; and neither of my friends having ever seen the interior of the *Theatre Royal English Opera*,—we adjourned there, to see Mr Mathews "At Home," in a rehearsal of the multiplication table, during a

CHRISTMAS AT BRIGHTON.

Solution of the mysteries of *Four Times Five*, by the juxta position of the following numbers; *viz.*

Alderman Huckaback in the chair, (*surfeited*)
Tabitha, his maiden sister, at the table, (*studious*)
Snap, one of the livery,
Signior Canzonetti, a singing master,
Miss Matilda Huckaback, his pupil,
Dicky Gossip, a posthumous barber.

(SCENE,—*a Chamber.*)

On one side, the Alderman is seated in his easy chair, dressed in his night-gown, slippers, and black cap, a table before him with pens, ink, paper, a letter, a song, and a one pound note,—the Alderman is very bad with the gout in both feet and hands,—he reads the song,—being the production of a poor poet, promises to recommend it to the managers, and sends a pound note to the author.—Miss Tabitha is seated at the farther end of the room in a large easy chair, a reading stand, and a large folio volume before her.

Alder. Ah! plague on this gout, it wears a man to the size of a thread paper,—There,—there's your song.—I'll take care it shall go to the proper quarter. Oh! oh! dear!—umph—let me see! —aye, there's a one pound note for you. But, oh dear! how shall I get it sent.—I can't fold it in the letter with these useless hands —no, not I—dear me! Oh my back! my stomach!—my, oh! —umph! Ah! there's sister Tabitha sits read, reading the whole day, from morning till night, while I'm—oh! dying—oh!—oh! —aye, there's a ticket for the ball to-night,—ugh, a fine figure to go to a ball,—umph! there's a pair of legs for a ball,—oh! how shall I send this pound note to the fellow?—Eh! oh! I'll call Snap, he shall fold it up, and send it to the poor fellow. Snap! Snap! ay, he's never in the way that fellow, when I want him. Snap! Snap! where are you, Snap! oh dear! what shall I do? I can't run after the fellow, no. Snap! Snap! what shall I do? Oh! I have it, I'll leave the letter open, and the note beside it, and he shall fold it up.—Snap! I'm very sleepy,—I'll just wheel my chair over to my favourite corner, and take my usual nap,—

oh dear! there's limbs!—oh! oh! Snap! Snap! where are you, Snap! (*During this, he wheels his easy chair over to the side of the chamber, where he falls fast asleep calling, Snap!*)

(*Snap speaks without.*)

Snap, Coming! sur, coming.
Alderman. Snap!
Snap, Coming! coming!

(*Enter hastily.*)

"Here I be, Sur! Lord bless me, what a life do I lead in this house!—Here I am, Sur. Why, where are you?—Why, sure he couldn't leave the room himself.—Eh? (*Looking round*) There he be sure enough, fallen fast asleep. Ecod he'll have his long sleep some day. (*goes to table.*) Eh? What have we here?—a bank note, as I'm an honest man! What could induce him to leave his notes there.—Eh?—I dare say it's just to try my honesty. Ecod I'll put it inside of this letter, and when he awakes and reads it, he'll find it there. (*Folds up the letter, with the note in it.*) There, I think that's all right.—Let me see, what shall I do now?—I'll just go and give orders to—(*as Alderman.*)—Snap!—Yes, Sir.—Snap!—Sir.—Where are you, Snap?—Why, here I am, Sir.—Snap, send that letter to the post office, and come back to me directly.—Yes, Sir. (*Alderman sleeps again.*) I'll send it off instantly. (*Takes up the letter with the pound, and goes to the window, which is open, and imitates the various voices.*) I say, Jeremy!—*Yes, Sir.*—Jeremy! come down here; I want to send you with this letter.—*Coming directly.*—Well, make haste. What a cursed long time you are of coming. Make haste, will you?—*I can't come now.*—You can't come now?—*No,*—Why?—*Because I can't.*—Because you can't? That's a devilish good joke.—Come down, I say, I want to send you with a letter.—*I can't come; I'm busy*—You're busy?—*Yes. You may send Jem the boy.* Thank you; I may send Jem the boy, may I?—Upon my word you're very obliging.—Jem the boy!—Well, I suppose I must send Jem, for there is no appearance of your coming to me. (*Goes to the door.*) Jem!—(*As boy.*)—*Yes, Sir.*—Jem, where are you?—*Here I am.*—Well, come here directly.—*I can't*—You can't? *No.*—Why so?—*I'm busy.*—You must come to me instantly, I want to send you with a letter to the post office.—*Go yourself*—What?—*Go yourself.* You little rascal if I come to you, I'll make you repent this language. Come here directly, I say.—*Can't, send Jeremy.*—Confound you altogether; my master will wake presently, and the letter not off. Jeremy!—*Well.*—Come down.—*I can't.*—Jem!—*Yes.*—Here, take this letter.—*What'll you give me?*—What'll I give you?—*Yes; what'll you gie me!*—I'll give you something handsome; come now, that's a good boy, do.—*Very well.*—Come here then.—*I'm coming.*—Well, make haste.—*I'm coming.*—Be quick; that's a good boy.—*Very well.*—Where are you? (*Goes close to door.*) *Here I am.*—Well, here take that letter, (*throws it out,*) and run as fast as you can to the post office, and put it in immediately.—*Yes, I will.*

Come, now, that's settled. (*Comes forward.*) If he should awake now, all's right. What shall I do now ?—Aye, I'll just place his table in the place he wishes it, and when he wakes, he'll not need to stir.

(*Places the table before him.*)

There now, that's all right, and now I'll look after something else. (*Exit.*)

(*Alderman slowly awakes, lifts his head.*)

Alder. Snap !

Snap. (*without*) Coming, Sir.

Alder. Snap ! Where are you, Snap ?

(*Enter Snap, and runs to his Master.*)

Snap. Here I am Sir ; did you call me ?

Alder. I have to pay away some trifles, go and bring me a pound's worth of silver.

Snap. Yes, Sir, instantly. (*Exit.*)

(*Miss Tabitha looks up, and speaks.*)

Tabitha. Brother ! brother ! why, how can you sleep so ? If you would but employ your hours as I do in study, how you would improve.—Well, I declare there is no making you do any thing but what you like yourself—eat and sleep—and sleep and eat again. No wonder you are tormented with that filthy gout ! Ah ! it will be the death of you some day, that's what it will. Well, you are no company for me I find, so I'll just practise my song and minuet for this evening's assembly. (*Attempts to sing in the most ludicrous style.*) Ah ! what do I hear ?—(*A piano-forte is touched outside.*) That is my dear Signior Canzonetti, who has come to give Miss Matilda her daily lesson. (*Chord is struck again.*) Ah ! I must go and pay my devoirs to the Signior. Lalla la, lalla la, lalla la, la, di.

(*Exit swimming as if dancing the Minuet.*)

Alder. (*waking*) Snap ! Snap !

Snap. (*entering*) Here's the change for the pound, Sir ; shall I lay it down on the table, Sir.

Alder. Well, take five shillings to the man at the long rooms—you'll find the pound note on the table laying.

Snap. On the table, Sir ; very well. Why, Sir, (*looking all over the table*)—why, there's no pou—Oh, Lord ! I'll be hanged if I have not sent off the pound note in the confounded letter I had so much difficulty to get away. Perhaps it is not too late to bring him back. (*Runs to the door, calls*) Jem ! Why, Jem, I say. (*Boy.*) *Here I am ; what do you want ?*—What do I want ?—where's the letter I gave you ?—*Gone.*—Gone ?—*Yes, gone.*—You little devil run and bring it back instantly.—*I can't.* You can't—why ?—*Cause it's gone.*—The devil fly away with you and it both. What shall I do !—there's a one pound note gone as clean as ever—but I'll not despair—no, my wits must save me. I remember when I was serving with Dr Bother'em, Professor of Logic, I used to hear him introduce very curious cases ; now if I could but remember any of his confounded crackjaw terms, I might bother the old one yet—I didn't go to school for nothing—no, let me see,

—ay, four times five is twenty—exactly—Yes, Ecod! I think I'll bother the old one yet, or my name's not Jeremy Snap. (*Exit, takes one crown.*)

Alderman. (*wakes*) Snap! Snap! Ough! Aw! Snap! Snap! (*Sleeps.*)

(*Fiddle plays behind.*)

Sign. (*without*) Come, my leetle miss, this way to your grand papa; he shall hear your leetle lesson for de day.

Miss. (*without*) No, indeed! I wont, Signior. I hate all lessons—I hate grand papa—I hate you—and I love nobody but my pretty little dog Pompey.

Sign. Put avay de nasty leetle puppy dog, miss,—put him avay I say. (*Imitates the howl of the dog.*)

Miss. (*without*) You're a naughty man to beat my Pompey.

(*Enter Signior Canzonetti, with his violin in one hand, and Matilda, with her lap dog, in the other.*)

Sign. You come, Miss;—I vill tell to your grand papa—you no leave de leetle puppy dog—he make so much howl, he spoil de lesson.

(*Sets her down in a chair, her back to the audience; places a music stand and music before her, and begins to tune his kit. As he tunes the dog howls.*)

Sacra dieu!—I vill very much oblige if you vill put avay your puppy dog.

Miss. No, I wont.

Sign. You do see grand papa is in de sleep, and de puppy dog vill vake him.

Miss. Don't care.

Sign. You don't care?

Miss. No.

Sign. Vell, come; do you lay aside your bread and butter, and ve vill go through our duet.

Miss. Very well.—Hem! hem!

(*They begin and practise a duetto, singing first and second alternately; the dog every now and then interrupting them, till at last the Signior is in such a passion, that he lifts up Miss and her dog, and throws them both out of the room, at the same time imitating the little dog howling, and Miss squalling. He returns in a violent passion, and goes up to the Alderman.*

Sair—I shall inform you I shall no come to your dam house no more to teach your leetle dog and puppy child. Le diable! I vas never so use in all my life. Sair, I shall charge you, and I shall not come again in your door.—Sair, I shall have my money. Sair, I——Oh, here is so much for my trouble as vill pay me for com to your puppy house and dog. (*Goes to the table and picks up a crown from the silver.*) Here is von crown, I shall, pay for you, and never come to your dam house no more! (*Exit in a rage.*)

(*Alderman awakes in violent pain.*)

Alder. Snap! Oh! Snap! Where are you?

Snap. Here I am, Sir; what do you want?

Alder. My surfeit drops!—my drops, oh!

Snap. Yes, Sir, yes, Sir; where shall I find them. (*Searches all over the table.*) Oh, dear me! I can't find them. Where are they?—Not in any of the drawers, nor in the cupboard—nor—Oh this, I dare say, are the drops;—here, Sir—here—(*runs for a cup, pouring in without looking,*)—here they are, swallow them up—do you good—(*pouring them down the Alderman's throat,*)—that's right—Eh? What? (*looking at the cup*) What the devil's this?—Poison!—Black arsenic!—Oh dear! what's that?—*Snap!*—Sir.

Alder. What's that you gave me?—Ugh!

Snap. Gave you?—Drops.

Alder. Drops! Why you have poured a bottle of ink down my throat.

Snap. Sir! Pour'd a bottle of ink down your throat! What a black stomach you must have!—Oh dear! what shall I do?—What the devil is good for ink? (*Runs about in great agitation, repeating what will take out ink,*) at last—Oh! I have it—a sheet of blotting paper, that will do. (*Runs off, calling for blotting paper. Re-enters as Dicky Gossip carrying a powder bag, basin, and shaving things; sings without.*)

For shaving and tooth drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging and sawing,
Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man.

(*Enter.*) He, he, he! Oh lord! here I am, come to shave your honour;—hope your gout is better;—able to walk yet?—Oh lord!—eh?—Oh dear!—Well, get ready; all things are here; razors in fine order—keen—cut any thing. Come along, Sir, I just wheel you round to the light, where I can see to do your business.—Oh lord!—he, he, he!—Oh dear!—(*Takes the Alderman's chair, and brings it round to the place where it had been at first, or nearly so.*)—That's right, there you have a fine prospect, ha, ha, ha! oh, dear! Did I ever tell you of my travels, Sir? Eh! oh dear!—the wonderful, Sir.—You must know I was bred to sea before I turned barber; but I met with so many misfortunes, I was obliged to leave it. You must know, Sir, that on my first voyage, we met with three Algerine pirates, which we made all the sail from we could; but being deeply laden, we found it impossible;—and I having heard the miseries those men go through that are made their slaves, chose rather to run the hazard of being drowned, than be made their prisoner; and so prevailed upon the cooper of our ship to barrel me up in an oat meal cask, with six biscuits, clap a strong cork in the bung-hole, and fling me overboard; which he immediately did. There was I toss'd upon the seas for eight days together, till I was almost starved; for I had nothing but the six biscuits to live on. At last, as fortune would have it, a Dutch man of war sailing along, and spying a barrel floating on the sea, manned out their long boat, and brought me on board. I was so faint for want of air and victuals that I was unable to

speak; but I heard 'em disputing what should be in the barrel. One said it was beef—another said it was butter,—a third said it was oat meal—at last the cooper was called to beat the bung out of the barrel; which he did, and let out such a fume, they all swore it stunk like the devil. At last one of the sailors more forward than the rest, putting in his fore-finger and thumb to feel what it was, I whipt his finger and thumb into my mouth, and bit them cleverly off (for I was devilish hungry,) with that the fellow roared out it was the devil; the cooper clapped the bung into the barrel, and toss'd me overboard again. Thus was I toss'd about in the barrel on the sea for twelve days more, and had nothing to live on but the man's fore finger and thumb. At last I found I was cast ashore by the tide, and thinking to myself I might as well be starv'd as drown, (for by this time you must know there was not so much as a nail of the man's fore-finger and thumb left,) I struck out the bung, and putting out my head for a little fresh air, I found I had been cast ashore on Greenland. Immediately I espy'd a white fox coming galloping down to the sea side,—with that I whip'd my head into the barrel again, knowing him to be a beast of prey,—for he was as large,—as large as a Flanders mare; and coming to the barrel, he smell'd about where I was, and he roar'd like a lion; at that moment, Sir, a large musquito stung him in the buttocks, and he, turning round to rub himself against the barrel, laid his tail right over the bung-hole. —I laid hold on't with both my hands; the fox frightened at that, ran off, galloping as if the devil was at his tail, and drew the barrel and me over hedges and ditches, for nine-and-twenty miles together;—but at last, jumping into a wood, and running full speed between two trees that stood close together,—stav'd the barrel in pieces, away ran the fox, and out came I! Oh Lord! Oh dear!

There, Sir, I have finished my story, and finished your job at the same time.—Now, Sir, I'll bid you a good morning.—Turn your face a little that way, there Sir, turn your eyes over the lawn,—let me see, oh dear! oh Lord!—Five shillings! morning's work, here it is—(*picks up a crown,*) and (*pulling off his hat and wig appears as Snap.*) I think I have deserved the other five to myself. Thus have I plainly prov'd to master and all, the wonderful mystery of *four times five* makes twenty. I earn'd five shillings as the man of the long rooms,—five as Signior Canzonetti,—five as Dicky Gossip, for his long story of the white fox;—and I take five as Jeremy Snap for his labour.—Thus five times four is twenty—by all the rules of Arithmetic.

END OF

SKETCHES OF MR MATHEWS

"AT HOME!"

Sketches

OF

THE YOUTHFUL DAYS

OF

Mr. MATHEWS.

He first informs his audience, that he was born June 28, 1776; and that, to "prevent calculation, he is exactly forty-six years of age;" it was about half-past six o'clock, of a cloudy morning, as he has since understood, at No. 18, in the Strand. His father was what was called a "serious bookseller;" in fact, so serious, that he was chosen one of the preachers of the sect of which he belonged; so, of course, he was not indebted to his father for any of his theatrical propensities. "I have (he says) since made every possible inquiry of my nurse, as to what sort of child I was; and she informed me, that I was a long, lanky, scraggy child, very good tempered, with a face that could by no means be called regular features; in fact she said she used frequently to laugh at the oddness of my countenance. In that case, I thought the language of O'Keefe might with truth be applied to me---*(Imitation of Mr. Munden)*---"Ha, ha, ha! I was born laughing, ha, ha! instead of crying, my mother laughed out, my daddy had liked to have dropped me out of his arms on the floor, laughing at me, ha, ha, ha! What's the child's name, says the parson that christened me. Shelty, says my god-daddy, ha, ha! then the parson laughed, ha, ha, ha! Amen, says the clerk, ha, ha, ha! Since that moment every body has laughed at me, ha, ha! and I laugh at every body, ha, ha!" At ten years old he was sent to school, where he met with "his deserts," as Hamlet says, for he did "not escape whipping." He gives a laughable description of the peculiarities of his schoolmaster, a "cross man, with chalk stone knuckles," which he rattled about the boys' heads "like a bag of marbles;" here it was his first attempt at imitation commenced, on the peculiar manners of three brothers in the school, the master Dickensons; on the correctness of these three portraits the audience cannot decide, further than by their excellent likeness generally, of that school-boy mixture of confidence, awkwardness, and false emphasis, so frequently met with in most

schools. He begins with the eldest in a Greek oration; then the second in a Latin, and the youngest in English. Having left school, he attended in his father's shop, until one evening, sitting at table, as he observes, "my father on one side, and me on the other, insisted I should choose some business; he proposed several occupations---he proposed, and I opposed;" to all his father mentioned he objected; the which he describes in lyrical order.

SONG.

TRADE CHOOSING.

TUNE.---"*When a man weds.*"

When a boy numbers the first fourteenth year,
And the rod and the cane are no longer his fear,
Mamma, and Papa, they both wish him to choose
A trade that he'll like, tho' he mus'n't refuse.
Filial affection,
Makes a selection
To find a track
For little Jack,
The father's boy,
The mother's joy,
Hoping, wishing—heigho!
Great presages,
Future ages,
At parish meetings
Gaily greetings,
Perhaps fill chair
As Lord Mayor,
Indeed he will, that I know.
When a boy numbers, &c.

The parents discuss in amity great,
This question of so much importance and weight;
They know neighbour Querum to take him would like,
But let us ask Jack before that we strike.
Then Jacky's kist,
Then reads list
Of plumbers, glaziers,
Printers, braziers,
Basket-makers,
Undertakers.
Undecided are all O;
Barber, tailor,
Blacksmith, sailor,
Poulterer, gunner,
Bow-street runner,
Slater, furrier,
Joiner, currier,
And now on one they fall O.
When a boy numbers, &c.

The business is settled, and soon he is bound.
When troubles and sorrow by many are found;
But Jack must learn, from experienc'd woe,
That all needs must budge if the devil cries "go."
Master don't side well,
Talks of Bridewell,
Cannot yet marry,
Sweetheart must tarry:
Till seven years fled,
First "wife" being dead,
He binds himself for life O;
With shop makes a dash,
Nails the cash,
Puts in stocks,
Keeps country box,
And pockets full,
Is quite John Bull
In face, and paunch, and wife O.
When a boy numbers, &c.

At last it was settled by his father, that he should be a bookseller, and was taken before the celebrated John Wilkes, of political notoriety, to be bound; booksellers, he observing, "like their apprentices, to be like their books—*well bound.*" While the ceremony of binding was taking place, he says, "he was noting down the manners, peculiarities, and delivery of Wilkes," of whom he gives a most highly coloured portrait, as he sat in his chamberlain's robe and chair, delivering the following admonition on the duties of an apprentice:—"Young man, you have heard the solemn compact you have entered into this day, with that worthy man and good citizen Mr. Mathews, your father, for indeed he is your father. Keep your eye fixed steadily on your business.—Take the greatest care of the goods and property of your master, this good citizen, Mr. Mathews; for by taking care of the property of others, you will in time come to have property of your own. Meddle not with politics, there are at least forty-five good reasons against it. You must not contract matrimony, or any other unlawful game. There; you may now go your ways with that worthy man there; go your ways—go your ways." He says he made but a sorry apprentice; and indeed, he "was sorry that he was an apprentice." The shelves of his father's shop contained little to suit his taste, being principally composed of standard works on divinity and religious tracts. Those tracts his father wished him to read; but no! his ideas ran in an opposite direction, and he had an ardent desire to see a play before he had ever seen a green curtain. About this time he commenced taking lessons in the French language, from a French schoolmistress in the Strand; where also, at the same time, Master Elliston was receiving instructions. This formed, as he says, a theatrical "flint and steel," which coming in contact, ignited, and was soon in a blaze. Instead of attending to their French, they were eternally spout-

ing and rehearsing scenes from various then popular plays, much to the displeasure of their mistress, who declared she did not like it, and would not have any more "Rehearse—or spout, spout about the room like a tea-kettle." Her scruples were at length silenced, and they got up the Distress'd Mother, in which he says, "I made my first appearance on any boards in September, 1791, in the first floor of the pastry-cook's shop, No. 421, Strand; but he was "terribly outshone by Master Elliston." This, however, did not damp his ardour; and he waited upon Macklin, who was then at an advanced age, to request he would hear him recite, and give him his opinion of his talents. He consented, and "I waited on him," he continues, "and gained admittance---knocked at his door, and heard some one say, or rather grunt, 'Come in.' I opened the door; he did not rise, as courtesy generally requires, but sat still in his arm chair.---'Come in,' he repeated in the same tone, 'you cannot act with the door in your hand.' I immediately obeyed, and commenced the following speech.

"My name is Norval," &c.

As soon as I had finished, I was saluted thus---Bow, wow, wow.---I stared.---Bow, wow, wow. At this uncourteous salutation, my knees knocked together, and I knew not what to do *(by those who recollect Macklin, this is recognized as a masterly imitation.)* "Do you know, Sir," says the veteran, "the qualifications requisite for an actor---the great qualifications, Sir; he must have an eye, Sir---a most expressive eye: he must have a beautiful countenance, Sir;---and his voice, Sir,---he must have a silver toned voice, Sir; but above all he must have discrimination,---discrimination to display the genius and operations of the mind;---he must have all these, Sir. In all my theatrical career, I never found but two persons that had discrimination, Sir---one of them was Charles Macklin, Sir,---the other, the other, was, was---I forgot who the other was."

Abrupt as this interview was, he was not, as he says, "to be stifled in my theatrical pursuits; and shortly after joined with a friend, and paid fifteen guineas to the manager of the Richmond theatre for the honour of appearing before a public audience. The play was Richard the Third; my friend played Richard, and I played Richmond, of course. All the Richmond people came to see us." He chose Richmond on account of the fencing: not feeling any interest in the character, he merely recited the words until he came to the fencing scene, and then was determined to have his money's worth. The fight commenced: in vain Richard fenced and plunged, and endeavoured to fall at the proper time and place. No, no, he kept him at it; and they fought for about twenty-five minutes by the Richmond clock. His next public appearance was at Canterbury, with his friend in Richard, and himself in Richmond, and Old Doiley in "Who's the Dupe." Here his mania for fencing still continued, and they fought now

nearly forty minutes. He was now so enamoured of the profession, that he resolved to "fly his paternal roof," and commence the world on his own hand; and collecting together a small stock of linen, with twenty guineas given to him by his father to set him going, who said he would give him twenty more whenever he grew tired of his present pursuits, and would relinquish his theatricals---the latter twenty he has never claimed, he says. It was now, instead of MR. MATHEWS AT HOME, *Master Mathews* running away from home. His point was Dublin, for which he took coach at Charing Cross; got acquainted with one of the passengers, a remarkably lusty, good-natured Welshman, one Mr. Ab Llywelyn ab Llwyd, who was born fat, grew up fat, and continued to get fatter ever since. Mr. Ab Llywelyn ab Llwyd had the misfortune to fall in love with Miss Winifred Ab Morgan ab Reece, who refused to have him until he got thinner, that is until he had "less of the mountain, and more of the man;" to accomplish which, he had spent two years in travelling, in hopes of finding some spa, or mineral water, or spring, that would render him, according to Prior's Emma,

"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."

From his ardent wish he had acquired a constant habit, whenever he met any person he knew, of inquiring "Am I thinner, think ye?" They travelled together as far as Stratford; during which Mr. Llwyd said, "He had been to London on a voyage of discovery, respecting spa-waters and minerals; but they either shockingly miscalled them, or they had lost their medicinal qualifications. He went to Kilburn Wells, and could get nothing but a mutton chop; at Bagnigge Wells he could get nothing but tea, and little loaves and butter; and when he went to Sadler's Wells they told him it was a play." Being arrived at Stratford he paid a visit to Shakspeare's tomb, that "master spirit of all mankind;" having looked over the town, and purchased the last piece of the celebrated mulberry tree, being market day he strolled through it, which he has made the subject of a song.

SONG.

MARKET DAY.

TUNE.---"*Over the water to Charlie.*"

A market's the circle for frolic and glee,
Where tastes of all kind may be suited;
The dasher, the quiz, and the "up-to-all" he,
Pluck "sprees" from the plants in it rooted:
If the joker or queer one would fain learn a place,
Where they would wish for a morning to lark it;
They need go no farther than just show their face,
In that region of mirth, a large market.

Spoken.] Do you want '*are* a basket woman, your honour?—No, no; I declare I've been so pestered by women.—Have you! by Jasus I did not think *they* had such bad taste. Oh, dear! oh!—What's

the matter my dear?—I've sat down upon a lump of butter. Here make room for this *here* gentleman through them 'are sacks of potatoes. Buy a *leefe*, buy a *leefe*. Where are you shoving? I beg your pardon, sir; but you have put your wet umbrella in my waistcoat pocket.—Sir, I am very sorry, but it must remain there for the present; the market is so full I cannot move.—Well, I never received such *himpedence* in all my life.—Then I think you've given more to the world than has been returned to you. Yes, ma'am, and *that boy* has taken more than he'll return to you. Oh! the little miscreant; he has stolen my reticule; catch him; there he goes; I have it—Oh! don't open it, there's all my cards fallen out, and—Cards, ma'am, they appear to be *cards* of your *uncle's*.—Indeed! sir, it's nothing to you.—No ma'am I see it's to a flannel petticoat. Do you want any peas, sir; or any gooseberry-*fool?* I say, Jack, twig that covey, he's just put a pottel of raspberries in his pocket.—Has he; come along Bill, a good squeeze and it's *raspberry jam*. Do you want any *cowcumbers*, ma'am?—No; don't annoy me.—Or any turnips, ma'am!—Turnips! no, she has just had them from her last place. Here's your flowers; here's your beauties: dear me, how delightful; I declare I shall come here every morning and steal some odoriferous.—I tell you *vot* my young'un if you steal any thing here, it will be a *hartichoke*.—What do you mean you dem rascal?—Mean! *vhy* I mean that I've *stood* here twenty years, and now I'm able to sit down, and do you knock me down if you can, so take that; there's a rum'un.—I'll indict you.—Pho! don't talk to me, because you see

This is the place where we joke, laugh, and quiz,
And so you should know e'er you lark it;
So the next time, my covey, you here show your phiz,
Be up to the rigs of the market.

But those who would fain make the voyage of fun
To be found in a populous city,
Should just see the sports I've already begun,
And those at the end of my ditty;
So to those who view life—why a market-day night
Affords a prime region to lark it,
And many's the spree that a comical wight
May reap from the soil of a market.

Spoken.] What d'ye buy, what d'ye buy. Matches! buy a ha'porth of matches; hav'nt tasted food these sixteen days. Now, ma'am, what will you buy?—Why, Mr. Butcher, what may be that *bosom* of pork a pound?—What! the belly part you mean, ma'am; vy the belly—No; I mean the stomach, the—Nonsense ma'am, do you think me a butcher, and a married man, don't know the belly from the stomach. Now, Sir, what are you looking for?—Why I'am looking for a calf's head—I'll fetch you a glass, Sir.—I don't wish any *reflections*. Pray, what fish are those?—*smelts*, ma'am.—Aye, I thought they were rather high. O ma! I am so frightened.—What at, my love?—Why that great cod fish fixes his eyes on me so. La ma! look at those lobsters; they have got a *mouth* in every *hand;* what a droll colour they are, ma; they are all black. Yes, my dear, they are finer and more uncommon than the red ones. Look at that dog, he has taken that tongue out of the basket. No. Yes, he has. James, why don't you run after him. Yes, ma'am; which way shall

I—I say, Marrow-bone, that 'ere cove has boned a mutton chop. I, Sir! its a *lie* Sir. There, you *lie* in the gutter. A foul blow. No. There goes the dog that run away with the tongue. Where? There. I don't see him. Pray, Sir, have you met a dog with a tongue in his mouth? Here's a noise! A noise, to be sure!—Don't you know where this is? No, where? Where?—why

Where confusion and mobbing and chaff
Pass on as we merrily lark it;
So if you e'er want a good squeezing and laugh
Come on a full day to the market.

He took leave of his fellow-traveller Mr. Ab Llywelyn ab Llwyd at Birmingham; who said, on parting, "Good bye; I wish ye every success in your profession, and when I see you next, I hope I shall be thinner." Having arrived at Dublin, without any occurrence worth relating, and clearing the custom-house, he was about taking up his "snuff-box of a trunk," when a tall strapping Irishman took it up, and asked "Where his honour would wish to go," mentioning an hotel; and on arriving there, he gave him a *thirteener* for his trouble! on receiving it he broke out, "Oh, murder, robbery, and reward! and is this all for carrying that murdering load all this way? And if my mother should ax me how much above a thirteen you gave me, what would your honour have me say?"

He made his first appearance on the Dublin stage in the character of Lingo, in the Agreeable Surprise, for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, the original Cowslip; and in a few weeks after repeated the same, with great success. At that time the celebrated Miss Farren, now Countess of Derby, came to "STAR" it for a certain number of nights. He was cast in the character of Beauford, in the Citizen. As no one, at that time of day, ever thought of appearing on the stage in the clothes they wore in the street, he was in great distress for a coat, his whole stock of which was five. After a good deal of thinking and contriving, he fixed upon one, a red one; this proved too short, barely covering his elbows, leaving about a foot of long lanky wrist in sight, and uncovered. How was this to be remedied? why with ruffles, to be sure. Here another difficulty occurred; alas! he had but one: that, however, he managed to answer the purpose, by shifting it from one hand to the other, and showing only one hand at a time. The way in which he performed this exchange, he nightly demonstrates to his audience, in the most laughable manner.

Mr. Mathews gives an exceedingly humourous imitation of an actor of the old school, who was in the company, of the name of Hurst. The comedy of the Rivals was advertised for one evening; and the day before, the person who was to have performed the part of Sir Anthony Absolute, was taken suddenly ill at *short notice*, and the manager, Mr. Daley, insisted that old Hurst should play it; in vain he urged it was out of his line, play it he must. The old gentleman studied the part as well as he was able in so

short a time. On the night of performance, he requested Mr Mathews to prompt him, and gave him the book for that purpose: but he, regardless of the consequences, determined to give the old man but one word at a time. It went off tolerably well, until he came to the first scene of the second act; but here his little stock of memory failed him. The words of the author are "Zounds, Sir, the lady shall be as ugly as I chose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her eyes shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew: she shall be all this, sirrah! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty." Instead of which, he said, through the prompting he received, "Zounds, Sir, she shall be as ugly as I please; she shall have a hump, Sir, a hump; *one eye*, a hump on one eye, she shall have a hump on her eye, Sir; *the bull*, she shall have an eye like a bull, Sir; a hump on a bull, Sir; *Cox's*, like Cox's bull, Sir; she shall be like a bull, Sir, like Cox's bull; *Jew's beard*, she shall have a Jew's eye, Sir, and a beard, Sir, a Jew's beard, Sir; a cock and a bull, Sir; she shall, she shall."

Before he left London, he met Mr. Suett, the comedian, Dickey Suett, as he called himself; who said, "So, you are going upon the stage: aye, and where are you going first?" "To Dublin," says Mr. Mathews. "Dublin! O aye; I'll give you a letter of introduction to a good fellow, a very good fellow, a real gentleman, I assure you. O dear, O la! we call him Lollypop Smith, ha, ha. I'll tell you how it was, very droll; me and little Dickey Suett went out for a walk; passing pastrycook's, the boy wanted a tart; we went in; eat away, my boy, said I, and I eat two or three myself. At last the boy said he'd have a lollypop; take one, said I. Now, what's to pay? Felt in my pockets; had no money. O dear, ha, ha! Won't you trust me, my good woman, aye? No. What! don't you know me, my good woman, aye? I'm Dickey Suett. We never trust no person, says she. Very well says I, my hearty, then down I'll sit till some one comes by that knows me; O la, ha, ha! Here's Dicky Suett and his son in pawn for a shilling, O dear. Just then Mr. Smith came by; hollo, said I, lend me a shilling to take myself out of pawn. He did; so ever since I have called him Lollypop Smith. O dear, ha, ha!"

The fondness of Mr. Smith's family for whist, he describes in the following Song.

AN IRISH RUBBER AT WHIST.

TUNE.—"*Russian Dance.*"

We're seated now, so without row
Begin and deal away;
The night we'll pass, with cards and glass—
Why the devil don't you play?

And he that wouldn't stake on whist, a twenty shilling note,
Don't deserve a drop of whisky to wet his ugly throat.

Spoken.] I'll bet five to fifteen, roared out Mr. Patrick Macdevil-toplay to his friend Teague O'Cloncumlarry, who had just arrived with Miss Shelah O'Docherty on a visit to Miss Judy Grachoshkenny. Now whist was the favourite game even with the ladies. I wonder, said an old lady, what's the origin of whist. Silence—now, ma'am; play away my jewel. Och! by the powers, that's excellent, pretty well for a beginner; I never played with any lady I liked better. I beg pardon. is that against us? Yes, Sir. There. I've taken it with my Jack. That's a *knavish* trick of your's, Miss. You have no honour, I believe, ma'am. You remember, Sir, you took it. Bless me! you've a curious hand Miss. So have all our family, Sir. Yes, but they were all good hands at whist. Dear me, what a number of hearts. I have not had one left these ten minutes. Sorry for that, Miss; I was going to solicit. How elegant! I wonder what Miss O'Regan's ear-rings are made of—the two of diamonds—No! Yes. Why then

Play away my jewel, this game you know we've won,
Here bring a drop of whisky, if it's only out of fun.

Come deal more fast, the game that's past
Was played extremely well;
Cards quick sort—that's your sport,
Pray, Sir, just pull the bell.
The stakes are laid all right, you led the spade I think,
That's mine—play on—the ten of hearts—a little more to drink.

Spoken.] Och beautiful! the River Liffy to a dew-drop that it's ours. I don't think the cards have been shuffled. I beg your pardon. I saw Miss Judy looking at the *tricks*. Look to your own tricks. Faith, Miss, I've very few, no young man less at present: but if you allow me the *odd trick* you'll find me *game*. Odd trick! och! faith what a boy was Larry O'Dogherty for the odd trick. I hear he is married. Yes, very happy; loves his wife with—a club, they say. She's lately brought to bed. Indeed!—pray Mr. Clancomlarry, what has she got? Faith I was so glad to get away, that I forgot to inquire whether I was an *uncle* or an *aunt*. Who turned up the Queen? I think it was—a trump if you please, Sir. Come, Miss, play. Your play first, Sir, is it not? Oh, no, Miss, you lay down, and I cover. I think I shall have your heart, Miss, now—if you play into my hand, you will, Sir. O, damn the cards—horrid bad play;—och! shocking—I must have a new pack. A new pack, Sir; not at all. But I shall; Sir, because it's not fair—and—Not fair! there's my card, Sir,—and there's my card, Sir. Oh! pray gentlemen don't fight. I shall fight. Turn him out of doors—any man mean enough to cheat.—Cheat, Sir; why you cheated at

Whist, the best and finest game of any in the pack,
But never mind—there take my hand, and bring the whisky back.

In the Dublin company, he observes, there were men of great talents; yet still there were some a little eccentric in their manners; the most prominent of whom was Mr. Paul Flanagan, who one night played Count Basset, in the Provoked Husband, should have said *tempara mutantur*, instead of which he said, but *tantara*

rantur. On its being remarked to him the next day by the manager, he defended it by saying, "Didn't you see how they laughed? Faith! I've said *tantara rantur*, these fifteen years, and I shall not alter it now." During Mr. Flanagan's performance one evening, some person threw an orange on the stage; he said, Ladies and Gentlemen, I'll give any *scoundrel* five pounds who will tell me who the *gentleman* was that threw that orange." The celebrated George Frederick Cooke, was there at that time; and after playing Mordecai to his Sir Archy, he invited Mr. Mathews to supper with him, of which occurrence Mr. Mathews gives a most humourous description, at the same time giving one of the best imitations of Cooke ever seen.

Two other characters are finely and funnily given, belonging to the Dublin company. The first, Mr. George Augustus Fiply, extremely fond of his looking-glass, and "a line of beauty:" and the other a bass singer, a Mr. Trombone, who was so amazingly short that it might be said, as in Hamlet, "What have you done with the body, my Lord."

Mr. Fiply had been a soldier---a volunteer---the humours of a grand field-day, he has made the subject of a Song.

VOLUNTEER FIELD-DAY, AND SHAM FIGHT.

TUNE.---"*White Cockade.*"

All blown up by valour, for glory to go,
Each lists just to learn how to handle a foe;
If they dare 'gainst old England to lift up a paw
What a harvest of laurels they'll reap from the war;
Then urged by the fair—the swains quickly run
To buckle the knapsack and shoulder the gun;
And many are the feats that the warriors do,
At the Volunteer dinner, or a grand review.

Spoken.] Vel papa, says Miss Sophinishba Squint-pretty, I can't see as how vy you vont let our John be a soldier; there's Mr. Taptub, the inkeeper's son, has only been in the wolunteers a wery little time, and his sweetheart tells me, he *charges* beautifully, and she's seen him practise in the hay season. A soldier! pho! nonsense; no the boy's next to a fool now. Yes, my love, says his wife, he is just at your elbow; but why not indeed; I'm sure my John has as pretty a leg for regimentals as Mr. Macscrewemall, the undertaker, who heads the *corpse*:—But you want your children to be as ignorant as yourself. You'd never have known how to have *got on*, if I had not showed you the way.—Ah! Mr. Squintpretty, if I had been as dull and as still as yourself, I don't know—Now don't bother papa, mamma, because I'm just determined to sport steel at the next review, and for that reason I have—but here comes Mr. Snipred, the military tailor, with my clothes, and you shall see me *marshalized* afore you can say how much do they cost. Well, I declare they look very nice; and that feather, beautiful—my dear boy, your looks will make you a *kernal*. Do you think so, mamma? I do. Do you, why then—

Here's to parade, in double quick pace,
With my head up so high, and my coat deck'd with lace.
Where the ladies astonished, will sigh and say
How beautiful he looks, the lovely ensign J.

At parade then they mix, and sure such a set
Of staunch hearted heroes before ne'er was met;
Distinction and place are lost in the day,
When their country commands to rehearse for a fray;
In well formed ranks they are stationed all,
The crooked, the dapper, the short, and the tall,
The doctor, and butcher, 'like in front or van,
And a tailor's on a level with the gentleman.

Spoken.] And there they are all the noble souls in the parish, from Ben Bumper the bruiser, to little Sam Shuttle the weaver, and close in order; they look as even as a row of oak and gooseberry trees, or the lower jaw of an old woman, but *fine* to a man. There, then, is *Kernal* Screwemall on the field, feathered like a mourning-coach horse. Attention—excellent! Make ready—charge. Oh, oh, oh! what's the matter with Sergeant Pattypan. Why Corporal Dumpling has run his *bagnet* into my cartridge box. Mr. Evergape, mind the word, Sir—you are picking your comrades teeth with your *bagonette*—fall in, fall in. I am falled in, Sir, Where? Why into the Paddington Canal. Shoulder arms—O! shame, shame, gentlemen, the wrong shoulder; so you must *recover arms*, bravo, well disciplined. Stand at ease. I'll be damned if I can stand at ease, you are so tall and I am so short, you keep tickling my ear with your pigtail. Shoulder arms—good. Prime and load—better. Fire—pop, pop, pop, pop. Never heard a better fire; I've got twenty men in my company, and I heard seventeen of them fire distinctly. What's gone with the other three?—Pop, pop, pop—there they are all. O my! I am so dry: I must have *summat* to drink afore I goes into action again. Why you mustn't go now, its *irregular*. Well, we a'nt regulars you know. You'll be shot for a deserter. Pho! I shall go the back way to that house over the way, the Marquis of Granby's Head. Mr. Huckaback, which is the back way to the Marquis of Granby's Head? Up the nape of his neck, Sir, I should think. To prevent mischief, gentlemen, unfix *bagonets*. O, look at the *kernal*, the *kernal!* The gallant colonel's horse, having never before smelt powder, at the unexpected shock, released himself from his too martial rider, by throwing him—not unto the arms, but on the heads of his valorous troop, who luckily had, according to command, previously unfixed bayonets: or else his charger's next visit to the churchyard might have been *with* the colonel; but no such loss to chivalry happened. With the exception of giving Bill Alum a black eye with the point of his boot, and tearing corporal Fribble's shirt-frill with his spur, all was in *statu quo*. Hollo! where's Mr. Alamode going? He says he won't stop any longer—he's affronted;—he says Mr. Sponge, the baker, fired off so close to his ear, that he has singed off half his whiskers. The gallant colonel was about to harangue, when a shower of rain prevented his stream of oratory, and threw a *damp* on the spirits of the day. So they

Right about faced, and gallop'd away,
Sans order, sans time, sans martial array;

For the dinner it was ordered exactly at four,
And to the hour it wanted but a minute or more.

Their appetites whetted with fatigues of the field,
Each eager and able his knife to wield,
The enemy appears—and they all let loose,
Nor give a bit of quarter to turkey or goose;
So valorous were they, and so great were the feats
That they did on the pastry, the puddings, and the meats,
That the landlord brought a bill which astonished all,
At so wonderful a havoc by a corps so small.

Spoken.] Aye! and as I was saying, the last campaign that I served —Where was that, colonel? That! in Hungerfordshire, and hard service we had of it; but it was all for the king, and a man shouldn't mind having his dinner at *unregular* hours for the public good: a true patriot will deny doing nothing for his country. Mr. Alamode will you attack the *wing* of this fowl?—No, Sir, I'd rather come upon the *flank* of that beef. Perhaps, Sir, you won't refuse standing a little *grape* shot.—Not in the least, Sir, before I sit down opposite to the outerworks of this giblet pie. You are not going to leave us yet? Yes, indeed, but I must tho'; for, being *loaded*, I cannot help *going off*. Nonsense, man, you are not *primed* yet. Silence for the colonel's toast. Well, gentlemen, as you insist on a toast, I shall just say *this*. which is *that*, "may the volunteers of *this parish* prove the *terror* of the world." Bravo. Now I shall go. Oh! but you must stay and hear the colonel's song. O, aye, certainly, by all manner of means. Well, gentlemen, I'll endeavour to sing you one of my own:—

"To die is best, if—

Perhaps you sing professionally, colonel.—Shame, shame, interruption. Mutiny, punish him. What punishment shall he undergo?—What, why he shall

Eat like an alderman, and drink huzza?
To the Volunteer *corps* and reviewing day.
Confusion to all foes—whensoe'er they attack,
For if we *load* our bellies, we'll never turn our backs.

Mr. Mathews here encounters his old Welsh friend, who praised Dublin, but regretted there was no mineral waters, and anxiously asked, "Am I thinner think ye." An imitation of Mr. Curran, delivering his famous speech on Catholic Emancipation, is now introduced; and a most correct portrait it certainly is, and acknowledged by all who ever saw him. Mr. Mathews now sets out for Wales; and, on his overtaking a man driving a pig, who he remarks always runs the contrary road to the one you wish him to go, inquires of the man, "Where are you driving that pig?" "Hush!" says the man, "Don't speak so loud." "Why not?" "Because he'll hear you! Why, Sir, I am driving him to Cork; but I'm making him believe I'm driving him to Fermoy."

From Wales Mr. Mathews returned home, where he resided

about a year, during which time, Tate Wilkinson, the celebrated York manager, wrote to him three letters; he accepted his offer and went to York. An accurate imitation is here given, humourously describing his first interview with him, while brushing his favourite silver buckles, given to him by the late Mr. Garrick. "Which buckles," he says, "I now hold in my hand." Here is also introduced, Mr. Mathews' imitation of Mr. Wilkinson's imitation of Mr. Garrick in Richard the Third. Mr. Wilkinson, says Mr. Mathews, in writing letters, would frequently write six or seven, fold them up, leaving the superscription to the last, the consequence of which was frequently "cross letters." As a specimen the following, intended for the landlady of the inn he had just quitted, was received by Mr. John Philip Kemble, whom he wished to engage for the race week. "Never let me see your face again. You put me in damp sheets, and I have had the rheumatism ever since, and the cursed rats ran about the room all night. You must not play with me; and once for all I say, why don't you keep a cat? I hope the next time I see your face, (which Heaven forbid!) I shall see you with a rat trap in one hand, and a warming-pan in the other." Mr. Wilkinson's peculiar customs and manners are humourously treated on, and a droll description given of a "sucking Richard," the York Roscius, whose two straight white legs he compares to No. 11 on a street door. He relates, that during his sojourn here, he became acquainted with Mr. Mark Magnum, who had two phrases, "All that sort of thing," and "every thing in the world." The peculiar oddness of manner, and application of which, are inimitably given.

Returning from rehearsal one morning, he received a letter from the manager of the Haymarket Theatre; on receiving it, he says, "I saw the London postmark, opened it, and read. Sir, I have now a vacancy, if you wish to appear before a London audience." I could read no more. Saw G. Coleman at the bottom, and ran to consult my friend and adviser, Wilkinson, who urged me by all means to accept it. I did. Took leave of my friends in the north, and arrived in the metropolis. He made his first appearance in London, on May 15, 1803, in Jabal, in the Jew. He continues, "I tried a London audience—a London audience tried me, and found me *guilty* of robbing them of a hearty laugh, and I was *transported*. My *youthful days* are now over." His reception in London by his brother comedians, and visits to the whole of the London Green Rooms, with imitations of most of the well-known theatrical characters are given in a manner to cause the utmost merriment, and are instantly recognized by his crowded, fashionable, and delighted audiences.

SONG.

LONDON GREEN ROOM.

TUNE.—"*Drops of Brandy.*"

A Green Room's the theme of my story,
Its frolics, its mirths, and its fancies,
Where the actor and poet in glory,
This scene of bright pleasure enhances;
Where the repartee, pun, jest, and laugh,
Where humour to join in the jest,
And sentiment taking the half,
Makes this, of all places the best.

Spoken.] The best, aye, no place like a Green Room. Club cheap, good houses, cause discussed, marriages cut up, minors damned, the country quizzed, and—but here enters the reverend father of the *corps dramatique*, the sons of fancy *(the whole of the following is imitation.)* Gentlemen, I have the pleasure to announce the arrival of Mr. Mathews. "Ah, Charley, how d'ye do! how d'ye do!" Been to Bath, Come from Liverpool! Drew them at Dublin. Ah, Charley, I had but half wished to see the devil, and he's here already. Ah, my dearest madame, how fares the senate's hope! Florence hath dimmed my eyes, or I must have seen a sunbeam sooner. Sun! I say 'twas the moon. Right the moon, for are we not gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon! and let men say we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we act—that is, when you opened at Dunstable. Right; but what if I was a grocer, can I not speak, but I am to have tea and treacle slapped in my chops. No more, no more; 'tis an unweeded garden that grows so—

Pleasure's light flower that we wear
As we sport thro' this wavering age in:
And such is the badge that all bear,
'Tis the livery dress for the stage in.

As we've flown thro' the greetings of one room,
We'll haste to the welcome of t'other
Where the votaries of Thespis's fun-worn,
Receive with warm friendship a brother;
Then there's noddings, and smiles, and shake hand,
Inquiries for friends old and new,
And after to each of the band
He'd given his kind How d'ye do.

Spoken.] Well, Sir, what brings you amongst us again; 'have you come to beard us here in Denmark'—Your life, eh!—Why what's that to—Why life's a walking shadow, a poor player who struts and frets his brain upon the stage, and—Right: all the world's a stage. It is; and all the men and women *(ad libitum)*—d'faith you're a comical dog—A dog—I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives. Ah! at every thing; why would'nt you stay with us, we lost a pillar of the stage when—Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel post, or staff, or a prop? But Pig Lion is my friend. Dead

Charles! Dead! See, see! He drew a good bow:—and dead! He shot a fine shot—John of Gaunt loved him much: and would have betted money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped 'the clout at twelve sure.'—Then death is—' To sleep—no more—and by that sleep to say we end a thousand ills'—*(ad libitum.)*—But, Charley, you look rather ill, you should have advice, I think; why don't you?—' I do remember an apothecary, and hereabouts he dwells;' but ' throw physic to the dogs, I'll none on't.' Aye my vocalist, you brought them down to night.—No, no, can't sing in tight boots—(saying this he sol-fa'd up the green room.) ' When absent from her,' &c.—No dem'it, can't sing in tight boots, bad as the gout—the gout; the gout! Jack, Jack, oh!—I have nothing but

Pleasures bright flower that we wear,
As we sport thro' this wavering age, in;
And such is the badge that all bear,
Tis the livery dress for the stage in.

STORIES.

In which Mr. Mathews takes *steps* to introduce the following characters:

NAT, *(Servant of all work in a lodging-house.)* SIR SHIVERUM SCREWNERVE, *Guardian to Amelrosa, (second floor.)* MONS. ZEPHYR, *French Ballet Master, (first floor.)* GEORGE AUGUSTUS FIPLEY, *a line of beauty in love.* AB LLYWELYN AB LLWYD, ESQ. *not thin enough.* MR. MARK MAGNUM, *non compos lodger, next door.* MISS AMELROSA, *in love with Fipley.*

By a convocation of old characters, and the introduction of some new ones. Mr. Mathews now performs a sort of drama in the style of the *Actor of All Work;* or, *First and Second Floor.*

Mr. George Augustus Fipley is in love with Miss Amelrosa, who returns his passion much to the displeasure of her guardian, Sir Shiverum Screwnerve, a miserly old man, who, it appears from his own confession, is making a kind of property of his ward's fortune. George Augustus tries by a variety of manœuvres to see his beauteous Amelrosa, but is foiled in every attempt. At last, however, taking advantage of Sir Shiverum's absence, he obtains an interview, and she promises to elope with him, a chaise being procured, on a given signal. The rage of Sir Shiverum, on returning and finding her gone, and her property lost to him, is a masterly piece of acting, and Mr. Mathews received his merited reward in the continued plaudits of the audience.

Mr. Llwyd is also a lodger in the house—on his travels in search of spas; and for fear he should not be able to get a bath, has brought a shower bath with him, which Sir Shiverum takes for a watch-box, and gets in it to watch the lovers; shortly after Mr. Mark Magnum enters, and seeing the string of the bath,

takes it for a bell---pulls it, and the old gentleman is nearly drowned.

Mons. Zephyr, another lodger, with his broken English, gives a truly laughable description of a new Italian ballet he has composed; and finds fault with his landlady's charges, comparing them with those he paid when at home in the Seven Dials; he says, "They are villanous extortioner upon de French foreigner as bad as to be stop on de highway and robbed by a single *footpath*."

Nat, is a sort of waiter at the lodging-house, a cunning Yorkshireman, who mistakes "macaroni" for pliable tobacco pipes; and sings

BILLY VITE, or THE GHOST OF A SHEEP'S HEAD.

Come all you blades both high and low,
And you shall hear of a dismal go,
It is all about one Billy Vite,
Who was his parent's sole delight.
Ri tol, &c.

He was a collier all by his trade,
And noted for a natty blade,
'Till he fell in love with Molly Green,
The prettiest lass that ever was seen.
Ri tol, &c.
&c. &c. &c.

The drama finishes with George Augustus Fipley and Miss Amelrosa's being seen through a window driving off to Gretna Green. The whole of the characters are most ably sustained; and if the *piece* does flag for a moment, it bursts upon the audience again with a good joke, and renovated vigour in the next. The theatre fills every evening, and we do not think one person departs to his home without acknowledging they have been most excellently entertained.